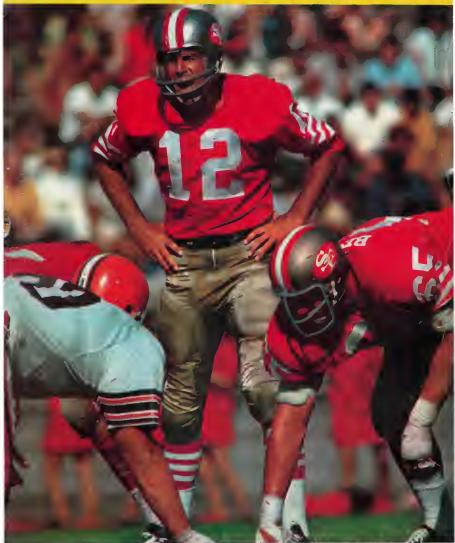


# PRO FOOTBALL **Sports Illustrated**

SEPTEMBER 20, 1971 60 CENTS

**Look Out For The 49ers!**



# Mercury's ride rated better than a \$34,000 limousine by 36 out of 50 professional chauffeurs.

Mercury does it again in an even tougher blindfold test than last year's. Against an even more expensive car. With the toughest jury we could find.



**The jury of experts**—possibly the most qualified ever assembled. 50 professional chauffeurs. Men who earn their living in luxury cars.



**The blindfolds** were used to assure objective tests were conducted and certified accurate by the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute.



**The competition**—even tougher than the cars. Mercury beat last year—a \$34,000 limousine, one of Europe's two most prestigious automobiles.



**The course**—approximately 2.9 miles of typical roads and traffic in Bel Air, California. Including curves, bumps, hills, and stop-and-go traffic.



**The results** surprised many. Most of these seasoned professional drivers rated Mercury's ride smoother, steadier, quieter—superior overall.



**The proof.** For full documentation write: Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, P.O. Box 563, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036.



Mercury Marquis Brougham (shown) includes as standard equipment a 429 cu. in. V-8, automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, power windows, and vinyl roof.

Hi-Back Twin-Comfort Lounger Seats and color (shown) are optional.

All this, plus the most distinctive styling in the medium price class. And the ride that has been demonstrated in test after test as one of the finest in the world.

Test Mercury's ride yourself, at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

Better ideas make better cars.

# MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



# PEDWIN: NFL boot of the year

*"I couldn't have  
said it better  
myself."*

JOHN BRODIE  
NFL PLAYER  
OF THE YEAR\*

Pedwin Ranchers.  
Made like boots should  
be made. Bold and rugged.

With harness strap, 11" high  
top, snoot toe, and western heel. Get  
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Most Pedwin styles \$14 to \$26 (with selected  
styles to \$30). For the name of your Pedwin store  
(within the U.S.) dial free 800-243-6000.

**Pedwin.** 

\*As selected by Associated Press



Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis. Officially Licensed.

# Win a winner's share. Gillette World Series Sweepstakes.

First Prize:

**\$17,000**

minimum—  
a winning player's  
share—and a 1972  
Plymouth  
Satellite  
Scbring Plus

At least \$17,000 and a wild  
new Plymouth Satellite  
to drive it around in.



100 Third Prizes:  
1972 RCA 14" Portable  
Color TV's

Computer-crafted  
color. Great for sports  
watching.

Official Rules



Entry: All 12" or  
5. Do the entry blank on this ad or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper,  
print your name, address, age, color and your choice for the winning  
team on the 1971 World Series. Mail it to the address on the  
entry blank.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by the word "Gillette" cut  
from the left service card which holds the Gillette logo on the  
product. Or the word "Gillette" hand written in black letters on a  
plain 2" x 5" piece of paper.

3. Entry as above on the word cut must reach every secondary  
draw must be accompanied by October 1, 1971, and received by  
October 5, 1971.

4. Entries will be processed in random drawings from all correct  
entries submitted to Gillette Razor, Inc., an independent judging  
agency which draws the name. Entries will be received by  
mail. Only one prize in a family will be awarded. All  
drawings are the sole responsibility of the sponsor.

5. Sweepstakes term for members of the Gillette Razor world  
drawings. List their names on the Gillette Razor, Inc. entry  
blank, and Gillette Razor, Inc. will enter in the drawings.  
Name and address must be printed, typed or reproduced by  
hand. All entries, date and time, must be received by  
October 5, 1971. No purchase required.



Two Second Prizes:



**1972 Plymouth  
Satellite Coupes**

Voted "Car of the Year" for 1971  
by Road Test magazine.

10,000

Fourth Prizes:

**Thermal Pitcher  
and Tumbler Sets.**



Handsome, colorful  
9-pc. serving sets to  
keep your drinks hot  
or cold no matter how  
long the game lasts  
or what the weather is.

## Official Entry Blank

Write the name of the winning team of the 1971  
World Series in this box

Enter as often as you wish. Mail each entry  
blank separately with proof of purchase or alter-  
native to

Gillette World Series Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 713, Rosemount, Minnesota 55068

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# When you're in the California 500, the last thing you want to worry about is getting started.

You race. You worry about one thing. Winning.

Everything else you try to make a sure thing.

That's why, at tracks like Ontario and Indy, 92 cars have been started with Sears DieHard batteries in the past two years.\*

But if you think that makes the DieHard a racing battery, you're wrong. Because it's the same battery you can buy for your car.

The battery that has a thin, polypropylene case. With more room inside than rubber-cased batteries.

That means it has more power. More power to start your car when most other batteries won't.

So, gentlemen, start your engines. With the DieHard.

Sold only at Sears Tire and Auto Centers. Or through the Sears, Roebuck and Co. catalog.



\*Certified by the United States Auto Club.



# DieHard

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Cover photograph by Sherry & Long

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Credits on page 113

## Next week

PLAYOFF PAYOFFS are a cinch for Brooks and Vada, and Ron Fivense analyzes their confrontation, while in the stormier National League William Leggett surveys the battlefield.

THE SUPER BOWL of U.S. soccer pits Atlanta against Dallas. British expert Hugh McIlvanney weighs the now and future in this country of the world's most popular sport.

PRO WRESTLING'S irresistible attraction is heavyweight king Bruno Sammartino, whose fans pack arenas around the globe to watch him assure that virtue triumphs.



## Dozens of people saw this bank robber. Only Du Pont could remember exactly what he looked like.

About all a lot of bank robbers collect these days is a stiff jail sentence.

One reason is the automatic cameras you see in so many banks. One of them took the picture above.

Another reason is the film in those cameras.

Much of it is a very special kind of photographic film with a polyester base developed by Du Pont.

The film in a bank camera can sit unused for days, weeks, months,

By the time the camera starts up, some types of film may not be flexible any more. If the film is brittle, it can break. Result: no pictures.

That doesn't happen with polyester-based photographic film. It stays flexible. So the camera is always ready to start rolling.

The holdup above was staged. But in the real-life game of cops and bank robbers, pictures on polyester-based film give the cops quite an edge.

This Du Pont film is one of the things we're



making that make life easier for law-enforcement officials.

Another is the "Freon"® fluorocarbon propellant that powers a little pocket-size alarm horn — a powerful protector for people who work or walk in lonely places.

And then there's the Du Pont nylon that goes into the vests that can protect police against small-arms fire. A real lifesaver.

Du Pont. Room 22435C, Wilmington, Del. 19898.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.









## Steel cans are easier to recycle... because they're magnetic.

In Oakland and Atlanta they are now recovering 9 out of 10 used steel cans through the municipal solid waste systems. It's done mechanically, using steel's unique magnetic quality. Other packaging materials must be sorted by hand.

Recycling is "old hat" to steel. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has

been old steel. What's new is the steel industry's program to help collect used cans—all kinds of cans—and to recycle all the steel cans it can get.



**Tinplate Producers  
American Iron and Steel Institute**

**STEEL—the recycled material.**



A full color reproduction of Rex Dawley's original painting, 19 x 25 inches, may be had postpaid by sending \$1.00 to cover cost of postage and handling to Department S, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

## The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.





# Strike for strength learn **KARATE** at home.

## New sensational audio-visual teaching methods

In these times of crime and violence, interest in man's oldest method of self-defense is at an all time high. Mastering Karate literally puts strength and power in your hands; The ability to subdue an attacker twice your size and weight; The advantages of a disciplined mind and body; Sharpened reflexes and responses; New confidence and peace of mind. We offer you a way to learn and master Karate easily, inexpensively, at home . . . in your spare time!

The famous CIRCLE SYSTEM OF SELF DEFENSE home study course, developed by Ken Knudson, has enabled thousands of men, women and teenagers to become Karate experts, at a fraction of the cost of enrolling in school. And, it's far below the cost of average home study courses. The home study package includes 12 step-by-step lessons recorded on six cassette tapes—a full 3½ hours of instruction, fully illustrated 58-page instruction book of action pictures visually keyed to your recorded lessons, and a 12" x 12" striking block. Bought separately, the cassettes, book and block would cost over \$60.00.

Now, you can buy the entire course for \$49.95. Or, there's a special Starter Kit which includes 1 full hour cassette, the book and striking block for only \$16.95 (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax).

This method created by 3rd degree black belt holder Ken Knudson, has been researched and proven highly successful all over the world. Instructions are easy to follow and geared to gradually increase your skills and stamina. With this study course in your home, you, your family, and friends can all learn, practice together and develop invaluable protective resources to serve you for a lifetime.

Put the power of Karate in your hands now, and you'll never walk in fear again.

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Includes 1 full hour cassette, illustrated instruction book and striking block  
or

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## UNITED STATES SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEMS, INC.

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# "We wouldn't be where we are today if it weren't for Continental Bank."

Just four years ago, Eskay Screw Products started out with three men and some good ideas. Today the firm employs 95 people, has acquired two other companies, and registers annual sales in the millions. Here's what Eskay management has to say about its bank:

*The Financial Man:* "As a CPA, I prefer dealing with people who can grasp difficult financial problems and contribute to the solutions. People who can give us advice and still understand that we intend to run our own business in our own way. That's why we work with the men at Continental: We have a mutual respect." Isadore Kaesh, Secretary and Controller.

*The Production Head:* "Recently, we had an opportunity to buy a whole warehouse full of wire at about half normal price. Really an opportunity, but I had to give the seller an answer right away. We talked to Frank Flewelling at Continental and got an answer on the spot. It helped us make a nice profit. And the key to it was our bank." Donald Kuhns, Executive Vice President.

Continental and got an answer on the spot. It helped us make a nice profit. And the key to it was our bank." Donald Kuhns, Executive Vice President.

*The Marketing Man:* "A bank is only as good as the man who serves you, and on that basis, Eskay has traveled first-class. Frank Flewelling has been one of the family ever since we started. We discuss every major decision with him . . . Take this acquisition we just made in California: If Frank hadn't been right therewithus in Los Angeles, we never would have made the deal. And he's been that important to us all along." Morton Sennett, President.

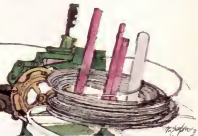
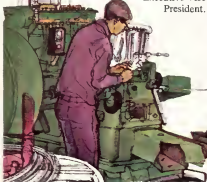
*The Bank Officer:* "When Eskay was founded, all of us at Continental were impressed with the people involved. They were the top men in their specialties. They had ideas. They had ambition. They were willing to work night and

day for success. We believed in them, and their performance proved us right." Frank Flewelling, Second Vice President, Continental Bank.

If you're also an ambitious, performance minded kind of man, with a growing, medium-sized business, Continental Bank wants to work with you. Call our business-development specialist, Ken Rudnick, Vice-President, at 312/828-4082. He'll tell you exactly what Continental can do for you.



**CONTINENTAL BANK**



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Frost 8/80 is easy to enjoy.

The color is white.

The taste is dry.

The possibilities endless.

**FROST 8/80**



# Why

## the owners of Yashica's Electro-35 automatic camera can take pictures like a professional.

Ira Phillips, Dentist: "I've lost track of the number of great pictures I've taken with my Electro-35. It's been with me on all my vacations. It's been rained on, snowed on. It's been out in the desert, in the tropics. And it hasn't cost me one cent for repairs. If anybody makes a more reliable camera, I'd like to see it!"



Shirley Miller, Fashion Consultant: "My husband and I travel a lot, take lots of pictures. Which we found were boring our friends because most were out of focus or the color wasn't right. But our Electro-35 changed all that. Now our friends can hardly wait to see the pictures we take."



Frank Harris, Maintenance Man: "The very first week I had my Electro-35, I dropped it on a sidewalk... I expected the worst. But nothing happened. It worked perfectly then and still does today. It's a rugged camera and it's always right on."



Jolynn Bellavia, Executive Secretary: "I could hardly believe it! Every picture comes out. Everytime. And when I think of the shots I missed with my old camera I fume! I'm so glad I own an Electro-35 now."



Howard Molofsky, student: "I didn't trust the salesman when he said I couldn't miss with this camera. But I must admit he was right. Every picture comes out sharp and clear. Every single shot!"



Sandra Adams, Airline Employee: "I travel constantly, so my camera takes a beating. That's why I appreciate my Electro-35. It's rugged. Has never let me down."

**YASHICA Electro-35—**  
It's more than a snapshot camera.  
Take pictures in any light—  
indoors, outdoors, day or night—without flash!  
So easy to use, anyone can take  
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If you want to get a complete analysis of a star quarterback, or any athlete, it's easy. The only information you need is his birthday. (Can be obtained from his team's roster, or a newspaper.)

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# BOOKTALK

With any luck, this review will appear in Jim Bouton's third treatise, "Son of . . ."

Jim Bouton's *I've Got You Dribble Under My Personality* (Morrow, \$5.95) is not so much a sequel to *Ball Four* as it is *Ball Four*—a take-out of baseball but of what happened to Bouton after he wrote the best-selling sports book at large. To hear Bouton tell it, not even William Manchester's *The Death of a President* evoked so much ink. Bouton not only recounts the reaction he met on the diamond and in the stands, but he even reprints reviews of the book and letters he received on the subject. Good heavens, he even reprints a Christmas card he received. One expects at any moment a fully detailed account of the seating drama of his *Ball Four* reception in Library of Congress catalog card number.

Moreover, while the book is admittedly self-centered, it is occasionally horribly provincial as well. It opens, for instance, with a detailed account of those exciting adventures enjoyed by the members of the Channel 7 *Devere O'Clock News* team in New York—an aggregation Bouton joined following his baseball retirement. Now, I watch this news right regularly. I recall do- but my interest in the behind-the-scenes crises and pranks of these newsmen is about the last thing I would have included on my leisure reading list. Besides, all the Howard Cosell stories seemed warmed over, perhaps because I think most of them originally featured Mencken or Harris Cohn or somebody.

But, as Joe Schultz is quoted as saying in both of Bouton's books, " . . . all this is probably so much napping." *I've Got You Dribble Under My Personality* (the title is taken from an apology offered by a columnist who ran into Bouton after calling him and his editor, Leonard Shabo, "social lepers") is going to be read almost exclusively by those people who read and loved *Ball Four*. That is, people like myself, who thrilled as Bouton punched holes in stuffy old Father Baseball and all the cardboard characters who infest it. Wow! See our hero stand up to Bowie Kuhn. See him give the traditional sports writer's what-fee. See him scatter bigots and conservatives, publicists and Lyle Howard. Hit, em again, Jim bats.

If you enjoyed *Ball Four*, and particularly if you understood that Jim Bouton was trying hard to put a little joy juice in a game, excuse me a pastime—that needs needs it, then *I've Got You Dribble Under My Personality* is only more of what the doc-see ordered.

Next: "Son of Ball Four Goes West"

FRANK DIAMOND

*The Red McCoy*, Robert Cantwell's biography of Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist McCoy Self, which grew out of an article in this magazine, has been published by Anchor-Barnes Books, Inc. as a Vertec Book (\$5.95).

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

## AILING GOLDEN GOOSE

Harness racing is under siege. Four top trainer-drivers in New York were denied stall space after a suspicious race at Yonkers Raceway on June 7, and last week the steward there was relieved of his duties after an investigation into the race. Incident after incident is shaking public confidence in the sport. As the onetime country fair pasture grows ever larger and more lucrative, its ability to govern itself has not kept pace.

A glaring example of this occurred recently at Pocono Downs in Pennsylvania. Driver Gaston Guindon was suspended for driving an odds-on favorite "with a design to prevent his winning." In simpler English, that means the authorities felt Guindon deliberately lost the race. How long a suspension was he slapped with? Life? Ten years? No, Guindon was set down for 30 days and soon after was driving at Batavia Downs in New York State. *Hoof Beats*, the U.S. Trotting Association's own magazine, called the slap-on-the-wrist punishment "madness" and wondered about some 60 other suspensions at Pocono.

Even as all this was going on, the New York State Harness Racing Commission approved Roosevelt Raceway's proposal to introduce a superperfecta, a race in which bettors try to select the first four finishers in order. Betting payoffs on the "superfecta" can be huge, as much as \$30,000. Tracks, thoroughbred and standardbred both, love outlandish payoffs because they generate huge publicity—and hopefully, though not always, increased attendance, increased betting and increased revenue. But big-payoff races also attract the schemers and fixers, and these are not all lovable *Gys* and *Dolls* types in snap-brim hats and white-on-white ties. Drivers (who can bet on themselves, even in superfectas) can read those \$30,000 figures on the tote board as well as anybody.

Yet, despite warnings from people like Edward Hackett, executive vice-president of the USTA, too many harness rac-

ing people are choosing to ignore a trend that could destroy their sport. As *Hoof Beats* has said, "Somewhere along the line someone is going to have to show some guts."

## WHERE EAGLES DARE

This isn't a knock at Miss Ohio, who breezed home first in the Miss America Derby last Saturday, but environmentalists feel that rightfully the winner's crown should have gone to Miss South Dakota. In the talent competition, Miss South Dakota dressed up as a bald eagle, presumably one facing extinction, and intoned, "I am the scapegoat of technology, Homo sapiens, the industrial revolution. I am the shadow of all that are going and have gone before—the bromosaurus and the whooping crane. Yes, I am the bald eagle." In the background a tape softly played *America the Beautiful*.

Caused quite a flap.

## TEXANS AT BAY

Steam is beginning to hiss from the upper reaches of Houston's Astrodome, near where the high-rent skyboxes—\$2,400 for the football season—are. The wealthy Texans who buy up the luxurious boxes each year (if you want, you can stay in a private room behind your box, have a small cocktail party and watch the game on closed-circuit TV) have been told by the Astrodome management that they can no longer bring their own food in. Instead, they must buy their party vittles from the Astrodome concessionaire. Sixty pieces of fried chicken, delivered to the box, cost \$22.50. Fifty Gulf shrimp go for \$30. A more modest cheese-and-cracker tray is \$15, and an urn of coffee is \$7.50.

"We've been bringing our own food for five years," said one indignant lady. "Then this year they said all food had to be bought from them. Except desserts. They don't sell desserts."

The lady admitted that she had found a way around the problem. When the

Oilers played the Chicago Bears recently, she ordered hot dogs and coffee (\$15 for the package) from the caterer. "Then I cooked up some chocolate brownies for dessert, like I always do, and then I added a roast and some salad—enough for 24 people—and had the butler bring it up the back way."

But, huh, an Astrodome official dropped by during the festivities, glowered and said, accusingly, "You brought some food up here, didn't you?"

"Just desserts," the lady said airily, "and a few leftovers."

She won the battle, but now she wonders if she lost the war. There is a waiting list for football skyboxes. When she goes to buy the box next season, will she be looked at coldly and drummed out of the dome, with nothing to show but a roast and some salad and her just desserts?

## LADIES' DAY

This should be the last fish story ever about the one that got away. An Australian lady named Aunes Tait was on a party boat fishing for coral trout along



the Great Barrier Reef. She and the 11 other ladies on board were startled when a 35-foot humpback whale surfaced near their 37-foot boat, and they became frightened when it began to dive back and forth under it, since they feared it might get tangled in the anchor chain and drag the boat under. On the whale's fourth dive Mrs. Tait felt a pull on her line. The whale surfaced behind the boat and turned toward it. There in his huge lower jaw were the two hooks at the

continued

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## SCORECARD *continued*

end of Mrs. Taft's 80-pound-test line.

As if aggrieved at this unpleasant intrusion into an afternoon of fun, the humpback slowly moved away. Mrs. Taft gave him line as he did but then, realizing she was never going to land a 70,000-pounder (the rule of thumb for estimating a humpback's weight is a ton a foot) on an 80-pound line, she broke him off.

The moral of the story? Just be sure when you hook into a whale that you have 11 witnesses with you.

## HERE'S HOWE

Gordie Howe, who retired last week after 25 seasons in the National Hockey League, had an almost invisible off-ice personality, and his fame, such as it was, never came close to reflecting the enormous extent of his ability. "Gordie Howe? Oh, yeah, the hockey player" would be a standard response from an average U.S. sports fan more interested in baseball, football and basketball, and maybe even in things like golf and auto racing, than in ice hockey.

Yet Howe is one of the half-dozen or so truly superior athletes of all time, as far beyond the very good hockey player as the storied names—Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Bobby Jones, you know the list—were beyond the second-best in their sports. And he has been outstanding for an astonishingly long time, an All-Star in 22 different seasons. It is difficult to imagine NHL hockey without him.

One almost irrelevant memory of him curiously persists. Some years ago he made a television commercial in which his two small sons, on skates and in hockey uniform, stood side by side protecting the goal. Howe, huge as a bear in contrast, was gently trying to poke the puck past the two little boys. The grace, the control, the persistence, the implied insistence that the boys pay total attention to what Father Bear was doing with the puck somehow seemed to sum up Howe as a hockey player. He was so much more than anybody else.

## THE OTHER WAY

Dave Williams, the University of Houston golf coach, is disturbed by a current move to reduce the number of athletic scholarships and limit those to athletes demonstrating financial need. Williams says it should be the other way around: athletic grants-in-aid should be increased.

*continued*

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#### SCORECARD *continued*

"The way I look at it," he says, "rich folks and middle-income people pay for most of the schools we build, most of the churches, most of the hospitals, most of the things necessary to keep things going. Let's not do anything to hurt them, like denying their sons athletic scholarships because they are affluent. Those are the people who keep the bread on the table.

"Competition makes the world go round. We would never have gone to the moon if it hadn't been for Russia. We would never have had a great golf team at Houston if Fred Cobb of North Texas State hadn't reached the moon as golf coach. We wanted to beat him. Texas wanted to beat us, and they did it this year. This is what it's all about.

"Some of the schools want to cut back. Let them, but don't let them cut everyone back to their size. This should be an individual matter for each university. Awarding scholarships on a need basis has been tried and has proven to be a failure. Why continue it?"

#### COMMITTING MATRIMONY

Chuck Welland, a halfback who scored 22 touchdowns last year as a junior at Valparaiso High School in Indiana, was banned from interscholastic sports by the Indiana High School Athletic Association when he married in December. Welland went to court, arguing among other things that he had been scouted by coaches from 15 to 20 colleges and his chances of getting a college education through a scholarship depended to a considerable extent on his playing football in his senior year.

He won his case. U.S. District Court Judge Jesse E. Eschbach ruled that the state athletic association could not cite marriage as a reason for banning a student from interscholastic sport. The IHSAA argued that married students should use their extra time—presumably football playing time—to take care of their family responsibilities, but Eschbach said that argument ignored the unmarried student who works to help his family. The IHSAA claimed the rule was needed to keep married and unmarried students apart, but the judge pointed out that there was "sizeable opportunity" in other areas of school life for married students to mingle with unmarried ones and, presumably, advise them on the facts of life. The IHSAA said the ban gave unmarried students more oppor-

*continued*



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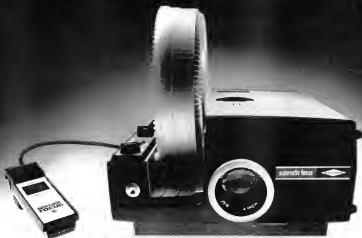
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#### SCORECARD continued

tunity to participate in sports, but Eschbach ruled that there was no national basis for that argument, nor was there evidence to support the contention that there was a higher dropout rate among married students. The IHSAA ban, the judge declared, was simply a "punitive sanction for entering into marriage." As such, it violated the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment, which is intended to "protect all, not just the majority."

The IHSAA indicated it would appeal to a higher court, but in the meantime Wellsand rejoined Valparaiso's football team. Asked if he was pleased to have his star ballcarrier back, Coach Tom Stokes said, "Well, he won't hurt us any."

#### FUN AND GAMES

Here is something cheering for those who remember playing sandlot sports without benefit of leagues, uniforms, promotion, publicity, trophies and significance. The Beachwood, Ohio board of education has an active but de-emphasized intramural program for its elementary and middle schools. The program prohibits uniforms and spectators; no records are kept, and there is no public reporting of scores. Sherman Hollander, president of the school board, says the policy was instituted for "the clumsy kids. We're trying to give these kids a chance to develop without making it too much of a hotly contested thing. Some parents were organizing tackle football teams with these children, and we were afraid somebody might get hurt. We want the kids to enjoy sport for the pleasure of it, to play for the fun of it."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Charles McClendon, LSU football coach: "I know we're playing 11 games, our players know we're playing 11 games, but our fans think we're playing only one, Notre Dame."
- Abe Pollin, Baltimore Bullets owner, on negotiations with the NBA players' association: "The reserve clause is outmoded in its present form, and basketball can exist without it. A player doesn't have to be bound to the same team for life."
- Don Buford, Baltimore Orioles outfielder, on the way to beat the wage-price freeze: "Just take your normal salary, then get an interest-free loan from the club that you forget to pay back." **END**

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# OFF LIKE CHAMPIONS

*The college football season began with Nebraska, Ohio State and Stanford showing no mercy, while Alabama said happy birthday to Bear* by DAN JENKINS

If Michigan's coach, Bo Schembechler, had not scored a touchdown himself on that famous old play, the Statue of Rules, it might have been impossible to tell that a new season of college football had come veering into the hearts, minds and linebackers of America last week. A year had passed, but hardly anything looked different. Nebraska was still deep, powerful and red, Woody Hayes still had a fullback and a taste for high

scoring, Stanford still had a quarterback, USC was still heavy on talent and light on luck, and LSU proved it could still lose an opener when everyone least expected it. And although a lot of schools had new coaches who were wearing the caps and whistles of saviors, they did the same old thing. They lost.

All in all, Schembechler's act was the most fascinating of what has come to be known as football's "early week,"

which began last year when an 11th game was added to many schedules. Michigan had one of the tougher and more vital first games, against Northwestern, a serious Big Ten contender, a fact that had Schembechler grumbling all spring. "The pros have six exhibitions to get ready," he said, "and we have to open with *this*." The Wolverine coach was obviously alert to winning the game with whatever device was necessary—and as

Ohio State's John Bledsoe found out about life as a Woody Hayes fullback, carrying 27 times for 151 yards. And Iowa found out about Bledsoe.





it developed he had a part in doing so.

Here is the playlet: Michigan holds 7-0 lead early in third quarter even though Northwestern looks more physical and hints it might take control at any moment. Michigan tries field goal from midfield. Kjek is short but Northwestern jumps up and slaps ball down in end zone, "goaltending." Northwestern Back Jack Dustin trots off field, happy. Michigan End Bo Rather falls down on ball, happier. Schembechler runs on field and calls touchdown, Michigan. Officials scratch heads. Schembechler quotes rules. Officials scratch heads again. Schembechler quotes rules again, slowly and specifically. Officials learn rules and Michigan now leads 14-0.

"I thought the play was over," said Dustin. But it was a live ball, all right, just as if someone had fumbled a punt in the end zone. And later on it was a live 21-6 Michigan victory—a victory that goes a long way, even in fresh September, to setting up another Wolverine-Ohio State climax in the Big Ten.

Gone were the Rex Kerns and Jack Tatum at Ohio State, but nobody missed them last Saturday in Columbus. Woody Hayes had his usual earthbound attack, a "robust" running game, as it is labeled, and he got the usual 52 points against poor Iowa, which would permit him to sleep well. It was 52-21, a new experience for Iowa Coach Frank Lauterbur, who had been accustomed to whipping folks at Toledo.

Yes, Woody had a whole new cast last week, even if his act was the same. For starters, here came Don Lamka, who had spent two years on defense behind Jack Tatum, to run the quarterback option for 100 yards and four touchdowns. And here came John Bledsoe, a solid fullback who had played all of three minutes last year, to hammer away for 151 yards and two touchdowns. Altogether Woody's Buckeyes rushed for 402 yards, a figure that is as robust as ever.

In another stimulating area of Midwest football, there were those who felt Nebraska might have some real trouble with a harsh opener like Oregon if Bob Devaney's Cornhuskers were anything less than they were a year ago, or if, perhaps, they were still celebrating all the No. 1s they inherited after the bowls.

*continued*

*Nebraska has a team and a half, an substitute  
Gary Dixon proved by scoring three times.*





#### CHAMPIONS *continued*

Oregon was not without weapons and had beaten some goodies last season, such as USC and Air Force.

The weather was hot in Lincoln, approaching 100° on the artificial turf, and all of those 67,437 red-clad Nebraska fans might have made it seem even hotter to Oregon. But the Cornhusker football team provided the worst heat. In relentless fashion it simply marched along 34-7, featuring some familiar stars, like Quarterback Jerry Tagge and I-back Jeff Kinney, who got 124 yards despite hay-fever troubles. The Cornhuskers indicated they would do as much from the beginning. They drove 80 yards after the opening kickoff, but fumbled into the Oregon end zone. So they quickly got the ball again and drove 67 yards and scored. A 147-yard touchdown drive, in other words.

Tagge, the co-captain, let there be no question about who was running the team. On that first drive, Kinney, having carried the ball three or four times, asked Tagge to stop calling his number and give him a rest because his hay fever was bothering him.

"Get in the huddle and play football," said the quarterback. Whereupon he called Kinney's number and Kinney ran 22 yards.

"O K.," said Tagge. "You've earned yourself a rest now."

When Kinney rested, Nebraska did not lose much potency. In came a transfer named Gary Dixon, and all Dixon did was score three touchdowns. But that's Nebraska, isn't it? Deep and still winning.

USC is deep and still losing. Everybody keeps looking at all those big, fast Trojans and marveling at their ability, but now Coach John McKay's team has started off doing what it did too much of last year—failing to win the close ones. In 1970 the Trojans lost four games even though they whopped Notre Dame and Alabama and tied Nebraska.

"We lost four times but we were four plays away from a perfect season," said McKay last winter. "We'll be better."

The Trojans may well be that, but they have started off in a very bad fashion to prove it. Last Friday night a better Alabama team than USC saw a year

ago turned up in the Los Angeles Coliseum and triple-optioned USC's defense to the tune of a 17-10 shocker, giving Bear Bryant his 200th victory as a head coach on the eve of his 58th birthday.

"We're on our way back," said the Bear.

There is no reason, of course, why Bryant should not be more comfortable with option football than he ever was in that era of pitch-and-catch he had been forced to play. Alabama has a new quarterback, Terry Davis, who can work the wish-bone T quite well, and Bear has a couple of quick, hard-running backs in Johnny Musso and Joe LaBue. Against USC, Davis worked the option to perfection, and Alabama ripped off a 17-0 lead before McKay could get his defense to settle down.

"I tried to convince our team that Alabama was 200% better than the team

*It was win No. 200 for Bear Bryant (left) as Terry Davis and Alabama upset USC.*



we beat 42-21 a year ago," said McKay. "I also tried to convince our men that Bear enjoys revenge. But they took it to us and we were found wanting."

All was not gloomy for the Trojans. They fought back with repeated drives and produced another running star in Lou Harris, who gained 116 yards. USC might easily have won or at least tied the game with its second-half effort had it not been for a fumble at the Alabama eight-yard line and a crucial penalty which nullified a first down at the Alabama 16. McKay is two plays away from a perfect season already.

So a question suddenly arises: If USC isn't the team on the West Coast, can it possibly be Stanford again? Without Jim Plunkett? Well, it is far too early to say, naturally, even though six Pacific Eight teams were beaten over the weekend. But Stanford apparently has a post-Plunkett quarterback who might work out just fine. He is Don Bunce, who hung around for a fifth season waiting for Plunkett to take his Heisman Trophy to New England.

Bunce's baptism came on foreign soil, in Columbia, Mo. against a team noted for its defense. Result: a handy 19-0 win for Coach John Ralston and Stanford, and a grade of, say, B-plus for Bunce.

Not that he would ever be deemed capable of making the Indians forget Plunkett, but Don Bunce might be a better all-round collegiate quarterback, inasmuch as he is niftier on the option play. He scampered for 52 yards against Missouri and still drifted back and hit 12 passes for 149 yards, including one of 26 yards for a touchdown to the new Randy Vataha, a sophomore flanker named John Wintersberry.

"I liked the way he scooted for good yards when he wasn't throwing," said Ralston. "This wasn't a bad opener for us."

It was dreadful for LSU down in Baton Rouge, where so much was expected. But that's not anything new. How about last year? LSU began going to the Orange Bowl last season by losing to Texas A&M in its opener 20-18, one of only two games the Aggies won all year. How about 1961? The Tigers blew any possible shot at No. 1 that year by losing their opener to Rice, and then going 10-1. Maybe this is another of those seasons for LSU. It may take 10 straight to redeem the loss to Colorado Saturday night. The score ended up 31-

21, but the game was not even that close.

What rugged Colorado did was what nobody ever does on Charles McClelland and LSU—run. Led by a sizzling sophomore, Charlie Davis, who got 174 yards, the Buffs tore into LSU for 293 yards on the ground. Coach Eddie Crowder's team had the Tigers down by 24-7 before anybody could say Tommy Casanova.

Some of the Colorado heroes were more familiar than Charlie Davis. There was Cliff Branch of the 9.2 speed getting off another of his punt returns, this one for 75 yards and a touchdown. And there was Bad Dude Stearns making an interception and managing to punt after a bad snap and just generally being a bad dude.

Meanwhile, it was not difficult for Defensive Back Casanova to distinguish himself, although it was difficult for him

to get any points for LSU. He covered Cliff Branch so well on deep patterns that after the game Branch said, "He's the best I've ever faced."

Some losses are not too crippling in college football. Not when a team has other top opponents ahead against which it can regain its national prestige. LSU has some, including Notre Dame. So does USC. And Colorado cannot celebrate too long. The Buffs must visit Woody Hayes next week, so the trip to Baton Rouge had better not be too much of a fluke.

As for Nebraska, Michigan, Stanford and Alabama—the other heroes of the "early week"—they have a little breathing time ahead.

And as for all the coaches with new problems, well, Bo Schembechler has taught a new way to get points at least.

END

Quarterback Don Bunce ran and passed Stanford over Missouri almost in Plunkett style.





## HOIST A BOTTLE TO LEADFOOT U.

*That was alma mater aplenty for Joe Leonard as his sunshine-yellow Ford seized victory in the rich California 500. Among his victims: Ivy Leaguer Mark Donohue, who flunked a simple reading test* **by ROBERT F. JONES**

The reasons for losing a championship automobile race can be nearly as complex as the big cars themselves, but last week, in keeping with its fledgling tradition as America's freakiest race, the California 500 added a new and classically simple way of losing: illiteracy. Ridiculously enough, the victim was the championship trail's only Ivy Leaguer and certified intellectual, Mark Donohue of Brown University and the Roger Penske Graduate School of Advanced Automotive Superscience. When it comes to reading scholarly works on aerodynamics or friction differentials, Donohue is *primus inter pares* on the racecourses of the Western world. It's just that he can't read words like "in" and "fuel." As a result, Donohue whipped his Sunoco McLaren—clearly the fastest Indy-style car the sport has ever seen—past the frantic signal board of Team Manager Penske not once but three times, then ran out of gas on the backstretch. Ultimately, victory in the final race of the season's "Triple Crown"—the first two being Indy and Pocono—went to the bright yellow Samsonite Special of Joe Leonard, an old sur-



*Leonard swigs a-h-a-m-p-a-g-n-e after his upset victory in the Battle of the ABCs.*



vivor of the motorcycle wars whose intellectual endeavors ceased at the age of 16 when he ran away from home to become a bike nut. Joe's crew kept the signs simple—"E.Z.," "O.K.," and finally "5" when he crossed the finish line and collected 132,039 of the latter. In big-car racing, that is about all the vocabulary a winner needs.

Donohue had won the pole position handily with a record qualifying average speed of 185.004 miles an hour (for four laps) in a 33-car field that averaged 174.500. But for Donohue and Penske, as for such other frontline drivers as Mario Andretti, A. J. Foyt Jr., the brothers Unser and Peter Revson, the race was an exercise in aggravation. In pushing his car to the grid after a warm-up in the garage, Penske inadvertently laid his left hand on the manifold. Instant blistersville. "You learn something new about Roger every day," said one driver. "I reckoned he was too cool to burn." Came race time and as the green flag fell and the field surged into Turn One, Mario Andretti's kumquat-colored STP Special merely coasted. Mario completed about a quarter of a lap before retiring. Nobody is calling STP's Andy Granatelli "Mr. 500" anymore—nor without adding "yards" under his breath. "My distributor shaft snapped," Mario shrugged back in the pits.

Under a new ruling, the pack was permitted to bunch up behind the pace car under the yellow caution light. In effect, this made the race a series of sprints on the order of stock-car competition. It also encouraged drivers to duck into the pits under the yellow in

order to refuel and such without losing too much time.

When the yellow flashed on Lap 30, Donohue had a six-second lead on the field and was moving out nicely. While other drivers pitted, Mark kept right on running. "We figured that there was no way anybody was going to make the three required pit stops on the yellow flag," Penske rationalized later. "So the bigger the lead we had before stopping, the better off we were." The tactic was sounder in theory than in practice. Donohue was snaking his way through heavy traffic when the time came for his first fuel stop on Lap 50. Up went the "in" signs, but straight by went the busy Donohue. And again. And again. A moment later he was out of gas. By the time he got a tow and a push to the pits he had lost a dozen laps.

Then Revson fell out. Foyt broke a transaxle, Bobby Unser hit a wall, brother AJ's gearbox failed, and who was out there in the sunshine but Joe Leonard?

Chief Mechanic George Bignotti had replaced Al Unser's Ford power plant with a quicker Offenhauser, but Leonard's car, also prepared by Bignotti, still mounted the slower Ford. "I wouldn't tell Joe he didn't have a chance, but I think he realizes it," said Co-Owner Parnelli Jones before the race. "Of course, the other hot dogs may break while Joe keeps running."

Thus did Leonard in his four-wheeled suitcase win the biggest race of his 21-year career. Granted, he backed into Victory Circle on the largesse of other drivers' failures, but no one could begrudge Leonard his moment of glory. Over the

years, he had come to be called "Lenny the Loser." At Indy in 1968, as the "Kerosene Kid" driving the now-outlawed turbine car, Leonard had come within nine laps of fame and fortune only to become an also-ran when his STP Lotus broke. At Pocono this year he skillfully outdrove Donohue but finished second simply because of the McLaren's greater speed. The California victory gave Leonard a 350-point lead over Al Unser for this year's USAC driving championship, with only two races to run—and a total of \$219,056 in prize money for the season. Not bad for a dropout who spells "fuel" with two o's—and not so E.Z., either.

END

Cale Yarborough is pushed off the track.



# AFTER A MOUNTAIN OF MONEY

*The high point of the quarter-horse year was a \$750,000 Futurity, but the event was overshadowed by the poisoning of the sport's best sire*

by **BIL GILBERT**

**T**he village of Ruidoso Downs sits in the wide-open, empty lands of New Mexico where it is two folds of the road map between Taste Freezes—out of the way, to be sure. But one weekend a year, modest small Ruidoso is transformed by an immodestly large sporting event, the \$750,000 All American Futurity for quarter horses. It is nothing less than the world's richest event for horses of any kind.

The track hardly looks the part, being an enlarged five-eighths-of-a-mile oval surrounded by a rickety grandstand and barns, sheds and corrals that might have been picked up reasonably at a sheriff's auction of a busted ranch.

On the face of it, quarter-horse racing can be judged bush league, but only in the literal sense. The sport grew up and flourished in places and conditions quite beyond the pale of the official horse Establishment. Half a century ago cow-punchers and ranchers would amuse themselves on hot Sundays by match racing their stock. Later these men did quite well for themselves, what with beef cattle, oil and cotton futures. In their years of affluence they and their sons and grandsons, being sentimental, nostalgic and fiercely loyal men of the Southwest, did not forget their old companion, the working quarter horse. In fact, as time went on there was a tendency to immortalize the animal along with such things as the six-gun, chicken-fried steak and the oil depletion allowance as phenomena indispensable to the winning and keeping of the West. Across Oklahoma, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and into

*Wilkes Halling, the field rushed headlong to the finish where white-faced Mr. Kid Charge scored by half a length in record time.*



California, quarter horses began to be bred, raised, bought and sold exclusively as racing stock. Given their owners' temperaments and means, it was only half a furlong from there to Ruidoso Downs and its extravagant purse.

Actually, the Ruidoso race is a three-day affair. Early in 1970 some 877 yearlings were nominated for the 1971 Futurity. By late summer this year 138 of these horses, now 2-year-olds, were on the grounds at Ruidoso Downs, fit and ready to run in the big one. Since even in such a rough and ready activity as quarter-horse racing a 138-horse field is a bit too much, 14 trials were run off on Aug. 27. On the basis of time, 30 colts were selected for the Futurity, which is run in three sections. The 10 slowest (there was only about four-tenths of a second between the first and 30th horse) raced for a \$64,000 consolation pot; the next 10 appeared the next day, running slapdash after \$111,000; and the 10 quickest lined up last week for the \$500,000 grand finale. Add all the money up, plus \$80,000 or so in breeder and nominator awards, and you have a \$750,000 horse race.

With such heady amounts at stake, quarter-horse yearlings are being auctioned these days for as much as \$100,000. The genuine couchpuncher and his ponylongo were priced out of the market. Just how much money can be lost, as well as won, in the modern quarter-horse game was very much on people's minds over Futurity weekend. A stallion named Jet Deck, considered by many to be the fastest animal ever foaled and certainly the most prominent sire in the industry, was found poisoned to death in his paddock in Perry, Okla. a couple of days before. His estimated value: \$2 million. His colts and fillies have won more than \$2 million in the last four seasons, and the horse's stud fees annually totaled half a million. The motive for the crime was much discussed at Ruidoso. All that is known, however, is that sometime between two a.m., when a watchman last made his rounds at the Warren Ranch, and seven a.m. on Aug. 26 the horse was injected with a lethal dose of barbiturates. The Oklahoma Crime Bureau, which is carrying on the investigation, will say only that the killing is far from being solved.

A representative quarter-horse owner, though one not exactly typical of the Ruidoso Downs set, is Clarence Scharbauer

Jr., who flew up for the Futurity from his Midland, Texas home. He is an executive director of the Quarter Horse Association and one of the sport's ranking owners and breeders. Scharbauer, by the rather high standards of Texas, is regarded as considerably better than well-to-do. "My grandfather and father were what might be called pioneers in the Midland area," he says. "They left me as comfortable as any young man could be. They started off ranching, but we got into a few other things—oil, banking and whatnot." All of which Scharbauer will explain but by no stretch of the imagination flaunt, being quite different from the super American, Texas variety, that he sometimes has been portrayed as. ("Those fellows never even came to talk to me before they wrote that stuff.") He is a soft-spoken, gentle and congenial man—the speech, gentleness and congeniality being of the country variety—but also worldly and witty, a fact that his manner tends to obscure. There was considerable talk around the Downs about an essay in a national publication describing the Futurity, the local scene and the quarter-horse clan. "I thought the way that fellow put those words together was just beautiful," says Scharbauer beaming in appreciation. "All about our weather-beaten faces and how we are so shy and rustic around strangers." Any man who can extemporize a parody of a parody deserves better than to be stereotyped.

Scharbauer owned only one horse that made it into the Futurity's final 30—Mr. Midland, who ran third and collected \$13,000 in the second dash. However, two of the favorites in the final race were sired by Scharbauer stallions, which gave him a rooting interest.

This racing is a business now, and we work at it," Scharbauer says. "I got in late, not till 1959, and I guess I've done some dumb things. But maybe I'm getting smarter, at least I hope so. One of these years I'm going to win this race. I guess you could say it's one of the big ambitions in my life. I would consider it a great honor."

Money—and perhaps honor—aside, the All American Futurity itself is somewhat anticlimactic. This is true not only of this stake but of quarter-horse races in general. It is a fact that horsemen, struggling to get more races for their breed, face up to in private conversation while publicly touring "the drama and

excitement of this explosive sport." Explosive it is, like a 100-yard dash, but too explosive to be much of a spectacle. Certainly not enough of a spectacle to watch with much enthusiasm half a dozen times in an afternoon. It is simply a full-out, straight-ahead 400-yard, 20-second-or-better dash—for the wire. Strategy, moves and stretch runs are negligible or nonexistent.

Bob Adair, the sport's leading jockey, who rode in the Futurity (he finished second on the favorite, Come Six), was discussing his profession prior to the race and explaining in the process a good deal about the structural deficiencies of quarter-horse racing as a spectator sport: "A couple of days ago I lost by a nose in a 350-yarder. The trainer said to me afterward, 'What were you doing just sitting there? How come you didn't work on him some?' I said, 'Why, I couldn't get my stick uncoupled but about once in 18 seconds!'"

In the \$500,000 dash the 10 colts broke out of the gate bouncing off each other like marbles in a pinball machine. The winner, Mr. Kid Charge, came out on top and stayed there, just as he had in his six previous outings. Johnny Cox, who rode the colt, was glad enough for his stick, using it to belt the Kid smartly when he attempted to lag in. The winner finished half a length in front in record time, 19.65. After watching the TV replay several times it was generally agreed that the 1971 Futurity had been the most explosive of all. Attention then returned to the real excitement, the money. Cox, who has ridden since he was 14 and paid his way through Texas A&M with his earnings, declared he was going to buy a few head of cattle to add to his stock in Spicewood, Texas. The successful owner, Will Whitehead, a 39-year-old, medium-grade (45,000 acres) rancher from Del Rio, Texas, said he was going to invest in horses. He had picked up Mr. Kid Charge for only \$4,100 at the Ruidoso yearling sale. "I bought him because I couldn't afford the horse I really wanted, Ouplucase Bid," said Whitehead. Ouplucase Bid sold for \$42,000 and placed sixth behind Mr. Kid Charge in the Futurity.

So most of the money is headed back to Texas. And the high rollers will not be seen back in Ruidoso Downs until next year.

You might stop for a Taster Freeze on your way out of town. **END**

# MORE JOAN OF ARC THAN SHIRLEY TEMPLE

*Chris Evert may have had her detractors among the women players at Forest Hills, but to the crowd she was a heroine* by ROY BLOUNT

In the end, Chris Evert fell somewhat short of becoming the new Evonne Goolagong at Forest Hills last week. But the poker-faced 16-year-old Florida ingenue with a two-fisted backhand and nothing to Jose did provide the flash of life that the 1971 U.S. Open so desperately needed. Like many a New York production, the show was saved by a skit.

The championships, threatened by tedium, bogged down by controversy and eventually awash in rain, will be remembered as the one spurned by big names and brought to life by a little girl. As one European newsmen put it smily, "Shirley Temple is alive and well and living in Forest Hills." To most of the audience, however, she was a savior, more Joan of Arc than Shirley Temple. Many of the world's top contract professionals, including anticipated favorites Rod Laver, 1970 champion Ken Rosewall, Cliff Drysdale and Fred Stolle, had declined to take part in the \$160,000 Open, citing fatigue. By being tired Rosewall became the first Forest Hills champ not to defend his title in nearly 30 years—excluding those who rendered themselves ineligible by turning pro in the days when the tournament was an amateur affair. Aussie John Newcombe did show up to lend his mustache and dashing ways to the competition for \$15,000 first-place money, and he was seeded first. He was also first to go, knocked out in his opening match by unseeded Czech Jan Kodes, who took the occasion to describe grass-court tennis as "a joke."

There was also a shortage of big-name women. Defending champion Margaret Court was pregnant, the 20-year-old Miss Goolagong was back home in Australia savoring her Wimbledon victory and Virginia Wade was injured.

Then along came slim, blonde, slee-eyed Chris, hotly pursued by more TV

camera crews and adjective dispensers than had ever been seen at Forest Hills, or perhaps in the whole borough of Queens. Miss Evert, who took two weeks off from Fort Lauderdale's St. Thomas Aquinas High School to be on hand, was riding a string of 44 straight winning matches, dating back to February. However, only one of those wins—a 6-1, 6-1 trimming of Miss Wade Aug. 23 in the match that gave the U.S. the Wightman Cup over England—made her look like a real threat to the top-seeded Billie Jean King at Forest Hills.

That besting of Miss Wade was significant because it was on grass. The other stirring upsets Chris had pulled off since last September over such distinguished elders as Mrs. King, Mrs. Court and Francoise Durr had been on clay—a soft, uniform surface. Few observers expected Chris' defensive, counterpunching tactics and classic looping ground strokes from the backcourt to be formidable on quick, tricky grass, which favors the aggressive player who hits hard, moves to the net and gets plenty of spin on the ball.

And yet on the patchy swards of Forest Hills Miss Evert was formidable. Tournament Director Billy Talbert recognized a hot property and moved her directly into the stadium court for her first match. After beating Edda Buding easily Chris faced Mary Ann Eisel Curtis, one of the best American grass players. "I was petrified," Chris said of her center-court experience. But she looked amply loose beating Mrs. Curtis 4-6, 7-6, 6-1, coolly staving off six match points in the second set with long forehands and backhands that just landed in. Then she came from behind twice more to defeat Miss Durr (2-6, 6-2, 6-3) and Australia's Lesley Hunt (4-6, 6-2, 6-3). In each case she stayed at the baseline and kept hitting two-handed backhands and

fluid forehands that ran her opponents from side to side until they wilted and lost their poise. When they came in, she hit past them. When they stayed back, she stranded them with nifty drop shots. Her unimposing serves sufficed. She seldom showed emotion, and she looked so young. The crowd went wild.

Temps fans are not supposed to go wild. But these did not just clap politely for Chris, they yelled and whooped and grew so partisan as to cheer her opponents' errors. One misguided enthusiast even yelled "Out!" and caused Chris to let up on a ball that was in. Except in that one instance, the fans helped make Chris a testing opponent.

They also helped make her unpopular among the other women players, despite a general agreement that she was, well, a nice kid personally. It was said that Chrissieania was turning the stadium atmosphere into that of "a baseball game"; that Chrissie herself hit "garbage" strokes; that she had "a kid's concentration," because she had nothing else on her mind; that she was so locked into her own rhythm and careful steady breathing that sometimes she served before her opponent was quite ready.

One woman player who spoke out against all this grumbling was Billie Jean King, the unquestioned master of the lady pros who had already won \$60,000 this year. "Chris has really helped women's tennis," she said. "What it needs is more personalities. If any of the other girls feel jealous about the attention she's received, they should stop and think beyond their own little worlds." Billie Jean also declined to shudder at the notion of a tennis crowd's sounding like a baseball crowd. "I like demonstrative crowds," she said. "People who pay their hard-earned money for a ticket ought to be able to make noise. Maybe the girls could wear earmuffs."

Billie Jean did observe that Chris had the advantage enjoyed by a baseball rookie just up from the minors whose weaknesses the pitchers had not found yet. And the 27-year-old veteran pointed out that Chris "is on the crest of a wave. I hope she enjoys it now, while she can."

This was said a couple of days before Mrs. King set up the beachhead upon which Miss Evert's wave broke at last.





When Billie Jean came to the net, or used her drop shot, she was too much for Miss Chris.

Their face-off came in a stimulating semi-final match on Friday before an overflow of press and TV representatives and a crowd of 13,000 that included Spiro Agnew and Senator James Buckley.

Neither Chris nor Billie Jean was intimidated by the crowd, which displayed great enthusiasm for them both. Nor was Chris intimidated by Billie Jean, but the 27-year-old pro quickly confirmed Miss Evert's own suspicions that her game was not forceful enough to stop a first-rate player on grass.

Each held service until Billie Jean, trailing 2-3 in the first set, broke through and won seven straight games. Billie Jean stayed back for a while, refusing to give

Chris a good passing-shot target. But she kept Chris' rhythm disrupted with a strong serve, with diversely spinning groundstrokes and with drop shots. And an occasional lob exposed Chris' lame overhead. Gradually Billie Jean worked her way to the net, where she was able to score with smashes much more consistently than Chris was able to pass her. There were many fine rallies that left the crowd with no cause to regret the Evert booms that had brought so many of them there, but the final score was 6-3, 6-2 King. Thus Mrs. King's status as top American woman remains secure, as does Miss Goolagong's as the tennis world's flashiest young meteor maid. Evonne hits with more zing and has fewer gaps in her game than Chris.

But Chris, four years younger than Evonne, is already an established drawing card, and her life—along with her "kid's concentration"—stands to become more complicated. ("Your mind is always being interrupted," Billie Jean warned her during the full-scale joint

press conference following their match. "Your life is not your own except for the few hours you spend asleep at night.") For instance, the King-Evert match had its overtones of tennis politics. Though no one on either side would admit it publicly, the World Championship Tennis people were rooting for King, since the furor over Evert tended to take attention away from the absence of Laver, Rosewall and the other WCT pros. Of the missing pros only Laver admitted that the International Lawn Tennis Federation's decision to ban WCT players from open tournaments beginning next year influenced his decision not to show up at Forest Hills, but in effect if not intent there was a partial boycott of the tournament by WCT. On the other hand, ILTF and USLTA people were clearly delighted to see such a boycott upstaged by a slip of a girl.

Chris had no comment on all that. She was headed back to St. Thomas Aquinas High—and the rains came to Forest Hills.

END

## PRO FOOTBALL '71



The NFL kicks off its 52nd season to criticism that the game has deteriorated, its talent been diluted. No way, says the author, who scrutinizes a mythical game: '51 Rams vs. '71 Cowboys

# BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER

by **TEX MAULE**

Nothing improves a professional football player like age. Up to a point this holds true during his career. It is even truer once he has retired. Bronko Nagurski was a great football player and has become a legend, but it is very doubtful that he could replace the Dallas Cowboys' Calvin Hill if he were playing today. He was not as big—6' 2", 230 against 6' 4", 235—and not nearly as fast. Red Grange, another legend, played at 5' 11" and 175, quite small by modern pro standards, and both he and Nagurski ran against linemen and linebackers who would have to buy tickets to get into a game nowadays.

A number of experts have said the pro game has deteriorated during the past two decades due to the dilution of



ELROY HIRSCH



LARRY BRINK



BOB WATERFIELD

talent as the league expanded from 12 to 26 teams. But this is far from true. There is more talent today than ever. The players are bigger, faster, more skilled, better coached, in better condition and smarter than they were 20 years ago—and there are more of them.

In 1951 the Los Angeles Rams had the most talent of any pro team and they won the NFL title. One reason for their success was their scouting system, which was 10 years ahead of the competition. Another was that they were the first to draft players from the black colleges, picking Tank Younger of Grambling in 1949. Since then Grambling alone has sent 87 players to the pros.

In 1971 the team with the most talent is the Cowboys. Like the '51 Rams,

the Cowboys were put together by Tex Schramm, who was the assistant to Rams President Dan Reeves and is now president of the Cowboys. Schramm's genius lies primarily in his ability to develop a scouting system; although the Cowboys' scouting system has been computerized, it is modeled on the one the Rams used in the late '40s and early '50s. So, if pro football talent has been diluted since 1951 by the addition of 14 teams, the 1971 Cowboys should be demonstrably weaker than the 1951 Rams.

I have seen a good deal of the 1971 Cowboys and I was the publicity director for the 1951 Rams, and if the two teams were to play tomorrow the Cowboys would win by at least four touchdowns.

The only position at which the Rams might have an edge is quarterback, which Bob Waterfield and Norman Van Brocklin shared. By present-day standards, they were a little short: Waterfield is 6' 1½", Van Brocklin 6' 1". But both had strong, accurate arms and extraordinary football acumen and they would have to be rated above Craig Morton (6' 4") and Roger Staubach (6' 3"). Whether they could have thrown as effectively against the towering defensive lines that Morton and Staubach face is questionable. The Rams beat the Cleveland Browns for the title in 1951 and the biggest man on the Cleveland defensive line in that game was John Kocsell, who at 6' 3", 247 was considered a giant. Only one Baltimore lineman in Super Bowl V

continued

weighed less than that and the biggest was Bubba Smith, who goes 6' 7", 295 and is quicker than Kiesel ever was. Of course, if the 1951 Ram offensive line had to protect Waterfield and Van Brocklin from the 1971 Cowboy rush, there is some doubt that either of them would have had time to throw the ball.

The blocking line for the 1951 Rams was: left tackle, Don Simensen, 6' 2", 220; left guard, Dick Daugherty, 6' 1", 214, center, Leon McLaughlin, 6' 2", 228; right guard, Bill Lange, 6' 1½", 245; right tackle, Tom Dahms, 6' 5", 240. Aside from the fact that all of them were rookies, only two—Lange and Dahms—had anything approaching the size an offensive lineman needs today. The rest not only could not make a pro club in 1971, most of them would automatically be rejected by the computers on the basis of size alone.

Now consider the people the 1951 Rams' line would have had to contain if they had played the 1971 Cowboys. Simensen would have been blocking on George Andrie, who is 6' 6", 250 and has nine years pro experience. Simensen did not have a good deal of luck against the smaller, lighter and less experienced defensive ends he blocked in 1951. He would have been destroyed by Andrie. Daugherty would have been giving away 46 pounds, four inches and 10 years of experience to Bob Lilly: it would have taken a major miracle and a baseball bat for him to even slow Lilly down. He would have gotten help from McLaughlin, the center, but that would have left the middle open for Lee Roy Jordan to blitz, which would have been disastrous for Waterfield or Van Brocklin. At 221 pounds, Lee Roy is small by today's standards, but he was about as big as middle linebackers came in 1951. The mismatch at right guard is not quite as obvious, although Lange was 15 pounds lighter than Jethro Pugh and not nearly as fast or experienced. In his six years in the league, Pugh has beaten bigger and more experienced guards consistently, rookie guards always. Probably the nearest thing to a standoff would have been Dahms blocking on Larry Cole, although even here Cole would enjoy a 10-pound advantage and three years more experience.

The Rams' difficulties on offense would have been multiplied on defense, the weakest part of their game. In 1951 the Rams scored 392 points, the

most in the NFL, but they gave up 261.

Again, a comparison of the 1971 Cowboy and 1951 Ram opposing lines tells a revealing story. The Ram defensive line: left end, Larry Brink, 6' 5", 240; left tackle, Jim Winkler, 6' 2", 248; middle guard, Stan West, 6' 2", 258; right tackle, Charlie Toogood, 6' 233; right end, Andy Robustelli, 6' 1", 220. Only Brink and West were veterans.

Blocking on Brink, who was exceptionally big for his day and who overpowered most tackles facing him, would be Rayfield Wright, who is bigger (6' 6", 255) and more experienced. Brink would

blocked on West, using five years more experience and much more speed to clear a road up the middle for runners like Walt Garrison and Hill. At right tackle, Toogood would have been 12 pounds lighter and five years less experienced than John Noland, a totally impossible handicap for a defensive tackle to overcome. And Robustelli, who went on to become All-Pro for both the Rams and the New York Giants, certainly could not have beaten Ralph Neely, who would have outweighed him by 45 pounds and has been All-Pro himself four times. Neely has whipped ends of the caliber of Deacon Jones; he would have slammed the door in Robustelli's face.

So, if most football games are won in the line, the Cowboys would certainly have won this one. But the disparity extends beyond the line. The two first-rate receivers for the Rams in 1951 were Tom Fears and Elroy Hirsch, and there is no doubt whatever that they would have been first-rate today. But there is some question whether or not they would have been as effective against modern defenses and modern defensive backs. Hirsch ran the 100 in about 9.8; Fears was not that fast. Speed is not the be-all and end-all of good receiving, but it has become a necessity. Bob Hayes has run the 100 in 9.1; there was not a defensive back on the Ram team who had run it under 10 flat. Lance Alworth, the other Cowboy wide receiver, ran a 9.6 100 as a freshman at Arkansas.

The fastest men on the Ram team were Bob Boyd, a little-used end who had a 9.5 100 to his credit, and a half-back named Verda Thomas Smith. He was nicknamed Vitamin, and he ran the 100 in 9.6. But Vitamin was only 5' 8", 180. The Rams did have a trio of big, fast backs in Deacon Dan Towler, Dick Hoerner and Younger. They ranged from 220 to 226 pounds and were called the Bull Elephant Backfield. No one has called the Cowboys' backs bull elephants, but Hill is bigger than any member of the Ram trio and can run the 100 in under 10 seconds.

The Rams were regarded as by far the fastest pro team in 1951; as an example of how much faster modern teams are, the Houston Oilers had three men in camp this year who had run the 100 in 9.3. This speed is used, as often as not, in the defensive backfield, where the cornerbacks and safeties must be fast to keep up with the likes of Hayes, Al-

## MAULE'S PEERLESS PROGNOSTICATIONS

### AMERICAN CONFERENCE

**EAST**  
Baltimore

**CENTRAL**  
Cincinnati

**WEST**  
Oakland

### NATIONAL CONFERENCE

**EAST**  
Dallas

**CENTRAL**  
Minnesota

**WEST**  
San Francisco

*The opinions expressed above are solely those of Mr. Maule and do not necessarily coincide with the consensus of the pro football staff (e.g., see page 38).*

not have overpowered Wright and did not have the maneuverability to go around him. Blaine Nye, at right guard, might have had trouble with Winkler, although Nye is a bit bigger and considerably more experienced, but the odds are that Nye would have handled him.

The Rams used the Eagle defense in 1951, which included a middle guard playing over the center in a five-man line. West was a typical middle guard, immobile, ineffectual in a pass rush and to either side, which was all he needed to perform his function of plugging up the center against a run. Dave Manders, the Dallas center, would have

# WINSTON'S DOWN HOME TASTE!

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worth and Paul Warfield. There, again, the 1951 Rams would have been hard put to survive in the modern game. Their defensive backs were fast—for their time. Jerry Williams and Woodley Lewis, the speediest, could not possibly have covered a Hayes or an Alworth on a fly pattern; they would have been losing a yard in 10.

It is unfair to compare linebackers because of the differences in defenses today. In Don Paul, the Rams had a big, tough player who was marvelous against the run, but neither Paul nor the other linebacker had much pass defense responsibility. Paul was very likely not as fast as any one of the three Cowboy linebackers: Jordan and Chuck Howley, especially, are faster than many of the backs who played in the NFL in 1951.

If the difference between the 1971 Cowboys and the 1951 Rams is shocking, the difference between the lesser teams during the two eras is even more so. With inadequate scouting systems, they went to the draft meeting with copies of a college football annual, and by the time they had exhausted the obvious choices, they drafted in the dark. And many were chosen. Each club picked 30 as compared with 17 now, so that the total number of players drafted was 360 against 442.

Another important element that has contributed to the greater ability of pro football players in recent years is money. When Van Brocklin signed his rookie contract with the Rams, he was paid a \$500 bonus and an annual salary of \$12,500. Pro football was not a particularly inviting career in 1951. Now a bright, competent athlete is far more likely to try to make it in that sport.

But probably the biggest factor that has prevented any dilution in the quality of pro football players—and, as a result, in the quality of the game itself—is the wholehearted acceptance of blacks. Although the Rams were pioneers in signing black players, there were only five on the 1951 team—Boyd, Lewis, Harry Thompson, Towler and Younger. The Dallas team that lost to Baltimore in Super Bowl V had 14, the Colts 13.

As good as the 1951 Rams were—and I remember them with enormous affection—it is most unlikely that they could have won even a division championship in either the NFC or the AFC in 1971. They are a great memory, but only a memory.

CONTINUED

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## SCOUTING REPORTS

# AMERICAN EAST

The Dolphins' uniforms are aqua, which the NFL calls "a shade of blue." First, The Colts' blue is darker. So are their chances. Second, The Jets are blue because of Namath's knee. Third, The Bills and Pats will be black and blue.

**W**hen they put it all together, they are really something to see, these uppity Miami Dolphins. To be sure, the Dolphins don't put it together every time they get the football. But they are doing it with increasing frequency. For that and for other reasons that reflect their own immense improvement, and because of some extraordinary events not of their making—a plague of injuries to key people on contending clubs, such as John Unitas and Joe Namath; defections here and there, various crises of the spirit—and because the schedule should work to their advantage, the Dolphins are a Super Bowl contender.

And why not? Joe Thomas, the super personnel man in the game, has supplied Don Shula, one of its best coaches, with the ingredients. Shula has responded by cooking up the toughest running attack in the AFC, to wit: Larry Csonka and Jim Kick, with a little Mercury Morris on the side. Morris is not half as hard to bring down as the other two, but is twice as tough to find. He averaged 6.8 yards a rush last year. And

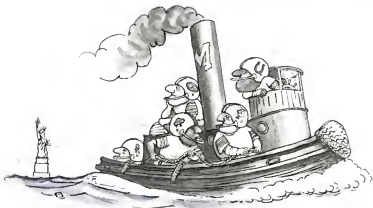
when Csonka wasn't running over people (second leading rusher in the AFC with 874 yards) he was knocking them aside for sidekick Kick. The process is reversible. Kick plays Sundance to Csonka's Butch Cassidy in the Miami press (they even held out for more money together), and The Kid may just be the best all-round back in football. He runs, he catches, he blocks, and he can smell a goal line in the dark.

Then there is Bob Griese. His four-year passing totals (8,192 yards) far exceed those made by Brodie, Starr, Jurgensen and Gabriel in their first four years (admittedly, only Griese was a starter for the entire period); and last season he led the AFC with a 58% completion figure. Griese is a leader. It comes naturally. "If there's a group of guys standing around," he says, "somebody has to take charge." Griese takes charge. His roommate is Wide Receiver Paul Warfield. They have developed a sensitivity for one another, what Griese calls "a complete anticipation." Warfield averaged 25 yards per reception in 1970.

Assistant Coach Monte Clark has improved the offensive line. Guard Larry Little was voted the best offensive lineman in the AFC by rival players. And although Griese had other fine targets to throw to in addition to Warfield (Howard Twilley, Karl Noonan, Marv Fleming), Thomas gave him an uncut diamond in Otto Stows of Iowa State.

The Miami defense is tough. It is also deceiving. It does not get to the quarterback often (last in the league in sacks with 18 in 1970), but that is due to the nature of Shula's containing zone. The result: the Dolphins allowed the fewest points in their division. The secondary, from Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti (slightly hampered by a broken wristbone) to Safeties Dick Anderson and Jake Scott, is first-rate.

A psychology test was given to the Dolphins this year. It revealed a "shocking amount of ambition." The psychologists traced it to Shula, who, they said, "is very much attuned to ambitious people." Astrologist Doris Kuy said the Dolphins are Sagittarians. She said it is going





to be a very good year for Sagittarians.

The prospect of a three-team race in the East is still there, of course. Only the odds have changed. The Colts, you will remember, won the Super Bowl. But, in April, having survived 280-pound tackles, John Unitas fell chasing a two-ounce ball in a game of paddle ball and ruptured the Achilles' tendon of his right foot. Unitas says he is ready to play. He is a Taurus, bull-stubborn, and a quick healer. Earl Morrall, the young fellow (a mere 37) who backs up Johnny U., says Coach Don McCafferty called him after Unitas' fall. "Don't do any skiing, Earl," he said. "How about some fishing, Coach?" "No, you might fall out of the boat and drown."

More, Billy Ray Smith, a 12-year veteran at defensive tackle, hung up his bandages to be a stockbroker. Without Smith, says one Colt, "we don't have the rauting and cursing that arouse a defense." Wide Receiver Jimmy Orr also retired, as did Tackle Sam Ball.

In a personnel match-up with Miami you would have to say the Colts are a close second. Their running game is similar, featuring Tom Matte, Norm Bualech, Don McCauley, the No. 1 draft pick from North Carolina, and Don Nottingham, the No. 17 pick from Kent State and the 44th and next to last man taken in the entire draft. But these four have two things in common: while they can bloody your nose and bruise your spirit, they can't outrun you.

The Colt receivers are quality, what's left of them. Tight Ends John Mackey and Tom Mitchell are incomparable. Eddie Hinton is a legitimate deep threat. Ray Perkins will play fulltime with the departure of Roy Jefferson to Washington. After these, . . . Placekicker Jim O'Brien, whose field goal won the Super Bowl, is now the third wide receiver. O'Brien played there in college, but whenever they let him go in he's told, "Don't block anybody, don't make anybody mad and, above all, don't let anybody step on your foot."

Even without Billy Ray, the Baltimore defense is topnotch. It is led by Mike (Intimidate! Destroy!) Curtis, the middle linebacker who says he won't even let his marriage mellow him. He'd get a divorce first. Curtis characterizes the Colts well: "We do what we have to do." Doing it with him principally are: End Bubba Smith and Linebacker Ted (Mad Stork)

Hendricks, 6' 7" and 215 and always around the ball making weird tackles.

Meanwhile, Morrall says he's getting that oldtime feeling. He is holstered and talking like Jimmy Stewart in the last reel: "We're just two old quarterbacks, John and me, but. . . ." It is enough to make a rival pause.

Just when Mr. Namath was convincing the world (or at least *The New York Times*) that beneath that egomaniacal exterior beat the heart of a really good Joe, a Detroit linebacker leaned on his left knee. His replacement is Al Woodall. When the Jets beat the Giants in an exhibition, they did it by letting Matt Snell and Emerson Booover run the ball. It is a good running game, abetted by No. 1 draftee John Riggins.

Not only is Namath gone, but so is his best receiver, George Sauer Jr., a sensitive young man who quit when he finally realized pro football wasn't Albert Schweitzer working with lepers. The other distinguished deep threat, Don Maynard, is 34 years old and didn't score a touchdown in 1970. Richard Caster, 6' 5" and quick, better help. It would help if he held onto the ball.

The offensive line is good enough (All-Pro Winston Hill is plenty good enough), but half the defensive line defected. Tackle Verlon Biggs never liked it much in New York and is now with Washington. Tackle Steve Thompson quit to pursue a more Christian life. Still, there's All-Pro Tackle John Elliott and at end a healthier Gerry Philbin. The linebacking is good, too, as is the secondary.

The fact remains, as one admiring rival points out, that Coach Weeb Ewbank's teams "are never flat. They come to play." The difficulty this year is that they play their first three games at Baltimore, at St. Louis and at Miami. They may be 0-3 before the doctors chip off that famous cast.

What the Jets used to be is what the Buffalo Bills are fast becoming. Fool around, struggle for a yard, eke out a first down, then wham! Did anyone get the license number? The culprits have been well publicized: O. J. Simpson; Marlin Briscoe, No. 1 AFC receiver last year; Quarterback Dennis Shaw, Rookie of the Year; and now, Extra Special Added Attraction J. D. Hill, the wide receiver from Arizona State. The other night in Atlanta, wearing pretty red shoes, Hill caught touchdown passes of 60 and 65 yards. Alas, it looks like Hill will be out

for the season following knee surgery.

Harvey Johnson, their new coach, has the Bills fired up. O.J. is happy; J.D. is still gung-ho. There were five fights on the practice field one week. Asked what he needed to make them real contenders, Johnson said, "More players with initials instead of first names."

Did the Boston Patriots, those lovable old passers, really cause a traffic jam? Well, not exactly. The New England Patriots (same team, new name) did, in Foxboro, Mass. around their new 61,000-seat—or, more exactly, backless, aluminum bench—stadium, which is unique in that, for a time, it appeared to be both access and egress proof. Furthermore, none of the 600 toilets could be flushed. In a subsequent experiment, 350 toilets were flushed at once, radically lowering the water pressure.

On the credit side, the Pats sold 50,000 season tickets and signed a new coach, John Mazur, and Jim Plunkett, who is destined to be their quarterback.

On the debit side, Joe Kapp, who was supposed to help Plunkett, is sulking somewhere with his unsigned contract. Tackle Phil Olsen, the team's 1970 No. 1 draft choice, slipped through a loophole in his contract and wound up with the Rams, where he tore ligaments in his knee and is out for the season. And Carl Garrett was traded to Dallas for Duane Thomas, which turned out to be a busted play. When Mazur told Thomas to get down in a three-point stance, Thomas got down in a two-point stance. See *Mazur* burn. Hear *Mazur* scream. See the deal fall through.

Garrett celebrated his return by running for 110 yards against the Giants. With a healthy Jim Nance, they make a good pair. But the Pats had the worst offense in the NFL in 1970. Attempting to improve it, Mazur has traded for Tackle Rich Moore of Green Bay, giving up linebacker John Bramlett, the team's MVP in 1970, but in the doghouse over a tavern brawl.

There is every reason to doubt that the Pats can keep the 50,000 regulars glued to their backless aluminum benches Sunday after Sunday, but, with more than 150 players having passed through the camp to date, the fans should be occupied studying their programs. At least Mazur has established himself. And his message is out: "If your work is not fired with enthusiasm, you will be fired with enthusiasm."

CONTINUED

# AMERICAN CENTRAL

The Bengals have Paul Brown. Another title. The Steelers have Frenchy Fuqua. He has a glass cane but no limp. Second. The Oilers have a passer with a "negative psychosis." Mmm, third. The Browns' passer has glass knees



**T**he Central Division is a collection of masked marvels," says Art Rooney Jr., the Pittsburgh Steelers' vice-president. "All four teams could be contenders, and until the season is well under way and the disguises are off, there's no telling who's for real."

Cincinnati, however, has one recognizable marvel: Head Coach Paul Brown. Like Vince Lombardi, Brown is worth points when the oddsmakers figure the line. Supposedly left behind by the game, he has turned up in the van. While everyone was regarding the pecked at as holy writ, the Bengals put in a roll-out offense quarterbacked by Virgil Carter, who was found wanting by both the Bears and the Bills. The knock on Carter is that he can't throw the deep out. So, except for an occasional long fling, which is about all the defenses allow today, Cincinnati sprints, rolls and grabs every safe yard the zone will give

up—short gains, because Carter cleverly exploits the under zones, using passing for ball control. The attack is constantly shifting, and when the defense guesses sprint, Carter drops back and throws to Tight End Bob Trumpy, the Bengals' closest thing to a superstar.

As a change of pace, Brown will use his latest Wunderkind, Ken Anderson, a classic drop-back passer out of Augustana College (enrollment 1,800). Then the Bengals are apt to go long to Trumpy or Speedy Thomas and, when he returns, Chip Myers, the team's leading receiver last year. Myers broke both arms in an exhibition game and will probably have to sit out four games. The running game is based on quick, wide pitches to the pony backs, Jess Phillips and Paul Robinson.

"Our game looks more like Southeast Conference offense than any pro team's since Tom Matte led the Colts," says

Bob Johnson, one of the NFL's finest centers. But the tricky, behind-the-back hand-offs and pitchouts compensate for a weakness. The line play is woefully uneven. After Johnson, there is 12-year Tackle Ernie Wright and after Wright the deluge. But aggressive blocking and exceptional teamwork help stem the flood. Everyone pulls—guards, tackles and, on some plays, even the center.

The Bengal defensive line is equally spotty and plays are aimed away from the strength—Tackle Mike Reid and Defensive End Royce Berry. One of Brown's theories is to be strong down the middle, like a good-fielding baseball team, and this is the key to Cincinnati's defense: right smack in the center stands Middle Linebacker Bill Bergey, an explosive red-dogger who is also high impossible to run against. Two fine cornerbacks, Ken Riley and Lemar Parrish, enable the Bengals to play more man-to-

*continued*

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## SCOUTING REPORTS continued

man. This, in turn, allows the linebackers to concentrate on the run and the blitz and to be less concerned with pass coverage. Anchoring the deep secondary are quick safeties Fletcher Smith and Ken Dyer. Speed and, once again, an acute sense of teamwork enable the Bengals to run down their mistakes and successfully hide their weaknesses.

For the first time in years, scouts followed the Steelers around the exhibition circuit like scavengers in the wake of a ship, getting a line on the personnel before the cuts. This is a sure sign the 1971 Pittsburgh team has talent. And it does, with more speed and greater size than ever before. The Steelers have not won a championship in 38 years in the league, and the Rooney boys, Art and Dan, have turned the search for players into a crusade. "We've changed our philosophy," says Art. "Of course, we've done that several times before and nobody noticed the difference. Under Buddy Parker we traded everybody, constantly, but especially draft choices. Then we went for the best player available at a position we needed to fill. Still, the Steelers went nowhere. Now we just take the best athlete available regardless of the position. The last few years we've come up with fine athletes. Whether we have enough for a championship only time and Coach Noll can tell."

Until now Chuck Noll, a professional looking man with a bent for French cooking and horticulture, has been calm and patient. Now, as he says, "School is out." The Steelers' fortunes in the wide world depend on Quarterback Terry Bradshaw. He has the arm and a capable set of receivers—Ron Shanklin, Dave Smith and rookie Frank Lewis—but he cranks up and lets 'er rip too often. Or else he freewheels unnecessarily and scrambles out of the pocket. But worst of all, he tends to be overwhelmed by the profusion of pro defenses.

Last year Bradshaw's protection was as often miss as hit. This year there is a new set of starting tackles—Jon Kolb and Rick Sharp—who will share time with team captain John Brown. This means Bradshaw should leave the running to the often brilliant John Fuqua and the frequently injured Preston Pearson. Off the field, Fuqua (he likes to be called Count or Frenchy) has been seen wearing a skintight lavender jump suit, a cape, a gypsy hat and twirling a glass cane. On the field, he was the fifth-best

runner in the AFC. "Confidentially," he says, "between you and me, I'm planning on leading this league in rushing. I mean the whole NFL, and playing in a championship, too. Now. This season."

The strength of the Pittsburgh defense is a very tough, experienced front four, led by Mean Joe Greene, the man who hates crowds but increasingly finds himself double-teamed. Noll hopes to make better use of L. C. Greenwood, who specializes in rushing the passer on the outside, and has switched Lloyd Voss and the Big Geezer, Ben McGee, from end to tackle. This should ease Greene's claustrophobia. The secondary is improved by the addition of either of two aggressive safeties, rookies Mike Wagner and Glen Edwards. The Steelers' linebackers are vulnerable, and the team will be handicapped by ineffectual pass coverage, particularly when the linebackers must help out.

In his first year as head coach of the Houston Oilers, Ed Hughes frantically traded for what he calls more "physical aggression" in his two lines and he got it. He wanted big men. He got big men. The defensive line is now staffed by monsters: newcomers Ron Billingsley (6' 7", 270) and Mike Tilleman (6' 6", 280), and old hands Pat Holmes (6' 5", 250) and Elvin Bethea (6' 3", 262).

They should beef up what was a plenty tough defense to begin with. The outside linebackers, Ron Pritchard and George Webster, are extremely active against either the pass or the run, but Middle Backer Garland Boyette is merely adequate. The secondary has the speed and the combativeness, especially at cornerback, to play either man-for-man or zone.

Just how well the Oilers will do depends on an offense which faltered for several years and finally fell apart. Of all the Central teams, the Oilers have the most experienced quarterback, Charley Johnson. But if the Oilers are to go anywhere, Johnson will have to return to his early St. Louis form. Charley says he can do it. "I have been the victim of a negative psychosis," he explains. "I became acutely aware of the negative things written or said about me. I started to tell myself you can't throw deep, you can't roll out, Charley Johnson, you're just not tall enough." He does have the wide receivers to work with in Ken Burrough and Charlie Joiner—that is if his surgically scarred right

shoulder doesn't hinder him from throwing long. If he can't, there are two fine young passers who can, Oante Pastorini and Lynn Orskey.

Cleveland's new head coach, Nick Skorich, is one of those unsung heroes, a fine assistant who worked long in the shadows waiting for the chance to be boss. Once before he had the opportunity, but that came when he succeeded Buck Shaw at Philadelphia with the Eagles on the way down. Unfortunately, the Browns appear to be going downhill, too. Poor Skorich! At quarterback he has Mike Phipps, who is unproven, and Bill Nelsen, who is proven but wears a brace on his right knee and a scar on his left. His offensive line has more experience at left tackle and right guard than even George Allen might want. Between them, Dick Schafrath and Gene Hicken have played 27 years in Cleveland uniforms and both have slowed down.

"Phipps has everything to be a great quarterback, but he has yet to see the hot stool poured," says Skorich. "He needs time to pick out his receivers, and that's what he's not getting." But then the blocking for the Cleveland sweep, the Browns' bread-and-butter play, isn't what it once was either, as Leroy Kelly can attest. Bo Scott, the other running back—which is the only balling anyone ever gets when he plays in the backfield with Kelly these days—is also a strong runner, but is not the blocker needed to make the sweep go. Another Bo, last name Cornell, the No. 2 draft pick, may be. The Browns' receivers, Tight End Mill Morin recovering from back surgery, Wide Receiver Gary Collins nursing rib injuries, Fair Hooker and Frank Pitts, obtained from Kansas City, are all first rate and, if the former pair are fully recovered, Nelsen (or Phipps) can count on two of the best.

The defense also has its problems. The line is young, the best of the bunch being Walt Johnson and Joe Jones, and the linebackers lack size and strength, although they are quick and play zone coverage well. This year the responsibility will be even greater, at least at left cornerback where rookie Clarence Scott has replaced Erich Barnes who, after 13 years in the pros, could no longer keep up with the fast wide receivers and was taxed. Meanwhile, Safety Walter Sumner has trouble covering the big tight ends and often loses the battle for the ball. Poor Skorich!

CONTINUED

# AMERICAN WEST

The Raiders have everything, including Blanda. Make it five straight. The Chiefs have almost everything, including Stram's red vest. A sharp second. The Broncos have everything but offense. Third. The Chargers ditto but defense

**T**he Oakland Raiders, a most impressive team that has won four straight division championships, are more impressive than ever this year, which is bad news for the Kansas City Chiefs. The Chiefs are impressive enough in their own right, but they have stood pat since 1970, when they finished second to Oakland, while the Raiders, under what one might call the lively and imaginative leadership of Managing General Partner Al Davis, haven't.

Neither, for that matter, have the Denver Broncos, a club that has never been better than .500 in its 11 years despite an increasingly formidable defense. The fourth club in the division, the San Diego Chargers, has succumbed to the Southern California syndrome of "see changes"—let's change and see what happens, the philosophy of the Los Angeles Rams.

It is a bit difficult to justify a clear-cut choice between Oakland and Kansas City. But if there is an edge, it must go to Oakland; the Chiefs have had key losses since last year with no comparable replacements, while the Raiders have replaced the few soft spots in their lineup with players who should be an improvement. Since Oakland beat Kansas City in the division in 1970, there is no reasonable way to figure it won't do the same thing this year—and more decisively. Especially when you consider that Oakland plays a slightly easier schedule than Kansas City; the Raider opponents won about 41% of their games in 1970 while Kansas City's won 46%. Denver faces teams which won over 50%, likewise luckless San Diego.

Even without the benefit of the schedule, the Raiders have a heck of a shot at the Super Bowl. In Daryle Lamonica they have the best passer in the AFC and in George Blanda the best passer available when the best passer isn't. Lamonica is entering his prime (30), he is big (6' 3", 215) and extraordinarily accurate; Blanda is in his prime (44), almost as big (6' 2", 215) and extraordinarily durable, having played in 154

straight pro football games, some, admittedly, for only a few seconds. He also kicks good. Moreover, there is Kenny Stabler, who throws left-handed but does just about everything else right.

The major changes in the Raiders have come in the offensive line. In the off season, Davis acquired Bob Brown, the immense, mobile and sulky offensive tackle, from the Rams and lured Ron Mix, who until he retired was a perennial All-Pro at San Diego, away from a budding law practice. Brown, who goes 290, is, on his best days, the best, but has been, on his worst days, a difficult man for coaches to reason with. Nonetheless, he has been All-Pro five times.

"I'm not Prince Charming," Brown said upon reporting to the Raiders, "but I'm no better or worse than any of the other 1,000 guys playing pro football. . . I want to cooperate." He showed his new attitude by breaking a goal post with his forearm while warming up for his first practice.

Mix has said he will play to exhaustion to make the club, and so far he has. "The first three weeks were pure torture," he says. "All that contact is foreign to the human body. I asked myself, 'What's a 33-year-old attorney doing here?'"

Behind guys like that, the quarterbacks are home free. They have able runners in Hewitt Dixon (who suffered a knee injury and may not be ready for the opening game), Charlie Smith and Clarence Davis, a rookie who is third to O. J. Simpson and Mike Garrett in overall rushing yardage at USC. There are experienced reserves, too, like Marv Hubbard—who usually puts on a one-man show against Kansas City—Pete Banaszak and Don Highsmith, and if the running does not go, there are a number of talented receivers.

Tight End Raymond Chester is the biggest target and one of the most consistent; he caught a pass in every game he played last year, made a rookie All-Pro team in one poll and was the Rookie of the Year in another. The wide re-

ceivers are now the superb Fred Biletnikoff and Rod Sherman, Warren Wells having been sentenced to 90 days of "diagnostic study" in prison, after being found guilty of repeatedly violating probation from a 1969 attempted rape conviction. The incarceration is a particular blow to Blanda, who in his last-second heroics in 1970 went to Wells often.

There isn't much new in the Raider defense, because why change a good thing. Dave Grayson, an All-Pro free safety, is gone, but the club's first draft choice was Jack Tatum, regarded by many scouts as college football's best defensive back last year.

With these riches, it is hard to see how the Raiders can miss a fifth straight division title. But if they do, Kansas City won't. The Chiefs have more troubles than the Raiders, which is simply relative since the Raiders have nearly none. Some of the Chiefs' old players—and it seems odd to realize that now, in 1971, the original AFL teams have old players—are gone. E. J. Holub, who started when the Chiefs were born as the Dallas Texans and who performed admirably as a linebacker and a center, has left after 10 years and 10 operations; Fred Arbanas, the tight end for nine years, quit after unsuccessful knee surgery, and Jerry Mays, who was first-string defensive end for 10 years and All-League for several, retired for business reasons.

Their loss may hurt the team spirit, since all of them were inspirational players, but it is unlikely to damage the physical capabilities of the club. Halfway through the 1970 season Holub lost his starting center job to Jack Rudny, a strong rookie; Arbanas has been replaced by a young tight end named Morris Stroud, who is 6' 10", 265, and was, memorably, stationed under the crossbar last year in an attempt to block Blanda's game-winning field goal. Mays may not be so easy to supplant.

Solid running by Ed Podolak and Robert Holmes, who are bolstered by Wendell Hayes, Warren McVea and Jim Ottis,

who came from New Orleans in a trade, plus excellent receiving may pep up a rather lethargic Kansas City offense.

On defense, the Chiefs were strong in 1970 and should be stronger this year. A good draft of big defensive linemen helps. One example is Wilbur Young, 6' 6", 290, who played at obscure William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa and was taken in the second round. When he was drafted, he demonstrated the kind of confidence a rookie needs. "Pro football will be tougher than the Iowa Conference," he said, "but I think I'll be able to handle myself all right." So far, he has.

If the defensive line falters, there is a premier corps of linebackers to fill the gap: Willie Lanier, Jim Lynch and Bobby Bell are probably the best trio in the AFC. The secondary is old enough and very good (and very irritating in the person of Jim Marshall), and the punting, an overlooked factor on defense, is excellent.

Len Dawson is a championship quarterback and Mike Livingston, a big scrambler, has spelled him competently when he was hurt, which Dawson may be too often at 36, coming off two seasons of knee injuries (left in 1969, right in 1970).

But if the Chiefs get in trouble, they have almost as good a bail-out man as Blanda. Jan Stenerud hit 30 of 42 field goal attempts last year, five of his misses coming from 50 yards or more.

For the last couple of years the Broncos have had enough defense to win. In 1970 only two teams in the AFC allowed fewer touchdowns than Denver's 28 (Kansas City with 26, Baltimore with 25) and the agile, ferocious Bronco defensive line, led by All-Pro Richard Jackson dumped the opposing passer 50 times, nine more than Baltimore, the No. 2 team. However the defense will be weakened, as End Pete Duranko is out indefinitely after knee surgery.

The offense was deficient in 1970 because of the lack of a good quarterback. Head Coach Lou Saban, who couldn't help but see the signs at Mile High Stadium toward the end of last season—PUT LOU SABAN ON WAIVERS—traded for Green Bay's Don Horn, a young and promising passer. Saban got more offensive help in 13 other trades which netted him seven new attackers, two defenders and four draft choices.

Denver's good running attack should be even better with the acquisition of San Diego's small, mod and explosive Dickie Post, who will probably back up one of the best pairs of runners in the West—Floyd Little, who led the AFC in rushing with 901 yards in 209 attempts in 1970, and Bobby Anderson, a rookie who had a 4.4-yards-per-carry average.

In his trading flurry, Saban had to part with Al Denson, a proven wide receiver, and the Broncos need targets for Horn to aim at. In fact, the receiving corps is probably the weakest facet of

the team, and any really weak spot will make it impossible for Saban to challenge Oakland and Kansas City. A more realistic goal is for him to move up a step, overtaking San Diego for third.

Sid Gillman, ex-coach of the Los Angeles Rams and the Chargers, reassumed the Charger job this season. Gillman is a brilliant coach with a fine record, but he has a thankless task in raising San Diego out of its third-place doldrums.

He has gone about it energetically, trading such stars as Lance Alworth and Post (for Tight End Pettis Norman, Defensive Tackle Ron East and Offensive Tackle Tony Liscio, who was traded to Miami, whereupon he announced his retirement), but he still needs a rush from a front four that did not scare anyone last year. He may have shored up an offensive line which allowed 57 sacks in 1970, and the installation of the 1 formation might inhibit the rush.

Gillman has a good cornerstone on which to build: John Hadl, his quarterback, was second in the AFC last year and is but 31. Oh, and Gillman has one other plus. When he wore two hats as head coach and general manager, he signed all the players, which did not tend toward forming a deep friendship between him and the team. Now he has hired Harland Svare, another former Ram head coach, as general manager and Svare will conduct salary negotiations. In view of the wage freeze, it should make a difference in morale.

CONTINUED





## NATIONAL EAST

The Cowboys will win despite Morton. The Cards will be second despite more emotion. The Redskins will be third despite the bald heads. The Giants will lose despite Terkenton. The Eagles will open against five division winners.

**L**ee Roy Jordan, middle linebacker of the Dallas Cowboys, finished his glass of iced tea, sucked the lemon, and mused on the coming season. "The thing about our conference . . ." he said, his voice trailing off, "the thing, really, is that you don't know what the heck anyone's going to do." Which, up to a point, is true. Consider: the St. Louis Cardinals, with a new coach, Bob Hollway, working on a new attitude and hoping to recover from what even the players admit was a mammoth choke; the Washington Redskins/Redskins, with George Allen bringing half of his old Los Angeles team ("I like to surround myself with bald heads," quoth he), plus a secretary and a security guard, to the capital; the New York Giants and Philadelphia Eagles wondering who will finish last. That's it save one, Jordan's Cowboys, about whom Jordan has no doubts. "We have a chance to be the best team Dallas ever had," he says. "There's no sense of urgency. Just a sense that we don't want to let the opportunity pass. It's all there for us." Or, as Guard John Noland explains: "We'd be silly not thinking about the Super Bowl."

Indeed, the Cowboys are strong favorites to repeat in a division where there

appears to be no one capable of upsetting them. All but two of the starters (Pettis Norman and Duane Thomas) from last year's Mystery Cowboys have returned, all of them having experienced what psychologists call "the rock-bottom level"—the 38-0 midseason humiliation at the hands of St. Louis. And there are no hangovers from the Super Bowl loss, either. "We weren't at all discouraged," explains Noland. "Instead we were encouraged. What's carried over is the attitude that got us there, not any bitterness about what happened. We're all chewing at the bit. I'm overexcited, sweating at the armpits. To understand how we feel about it, to understand why we're all ready to go, well, you just have to be a player."

Players are something the Cowboys have. The superlative defense is intact with all those Lillys, Pughs, Jordans, Howleys and Renfros; and the well-equipped, if at times inconsistent, offense is strengthened by the addition of Wide Receiver Lance Alworth and Tight End Billy Truax. Still, Dallas has two questions, one old and one new. The old poser is who will play quarterback, Craig Morton or Roger Staubach, and will he again perform so inconsistently

that even defense won't save Dallas? Morton is throwing freely for the first time in three years, his shoulder sound and his mind made up. "After this season," he says, "there won't be any more of that 'Who's the Cowboy quarterback?' stuff. I'll settle it once and for all." If Morton is true to his word, the Cowboys can't lose, but it may well be a moot point. "They both can do the job, and I can block for either of them," says Noland, reflecting the prevalent attitude. "I have confidence in our whole offense. I don't feel we have to rely on our passing to win."

Which was proven in last year's stretch run when Duane Thomas, now much troubled, helped take the Cowboys to the Super Bowl. It seems likely he will sit out the coming year, so Dallas has turned again to Calvin Hill, a sensation in 1969, a bit player last season. "There'll be no change in the offense," says Player-Coach Dan Reeves. "They both run the same things in different ways. Duane is fluid, smooth, with a good sense of daylight; all of a sudden he's gone. Calvin is big, explosive, he uses a lot of power. There's an awesomeness about him when he starts moving. And they're both so great, I'd hate to say which I'd rather

*continued*



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have. But since Calvin's here, I'd have to say I'd rather have him."

The steepest challenge for Dallas will come from St. Louis, which has the people to match the Cowboys. With the exception of Linebacker Don Parish and Center Wayne Mulligan, both out with injuries, the Cardinals will start the same 22 that beat Dallas twice last year—but they also have a complex and last year's nightmare. "I spent a lot of time in the off season thinking about what happened," says Offensive Tackle Ernie McMillan, referring to the loss of three straight games and the championship at the end of the season. "Definitely, I think we were waiting for something like that to happen. You press to prevent it, then you're pressing too much, and that's it."

Coach Hollway has made no secret of his team's hangup. An assistant under Bud Grant at Minnesota for four years before signing with St. Louis, he speaks openly of the deficiency, the necessity for change. "This team knows it has the ability to be the best in the middle," he says. "Now they have to prove to themselves that they can get to the top. You get labeled as a team, and as coaches we have to recognize it, whether we believe it or not. Sure, we talk about it. We're not afraid of it. It puts more pressure on us. But that's because we have people who can play. And it's always better to have horses in the barn who can run rather than donkeys who can't get out the door."

The analogy is apropos, for St. Louis' strength lies in the powerful running of Mac Lane, Cid Edwards and Johnny Roland, who work behind an aging but efficient offensive line. The passing of Jim Hart has been in and out—and mostly long and too often incomplete—but Hollway hopes to remedy this by stressing short and intermediate routes. Defensively, he has introduced much of the Vikings' philosophy (he was their defensive coordinator) to a unit that last year was ranked fifth in the NFC.

"The first day he was in camp," says McMillan, "he said that we don't play with enthusiasm. I'd have to agree with him. As a veteran [11 years] I always looked at the Cardinals as an emotional team. I don't think we joked or turned each other on. Almost everybody just did his job and that was it. You win your share of games that way, but never the big one, never the one that would push you over the top."

"You just can't go ahead and say, 'Well, we're going to win this week,'" concludes Hollway. "Winning comes from within the man."

No one has ever had to sell that philosophy to the Redskins' George Allen. ("George's idea of fun," says someone who has watched him a long time, "is to look at movies of football plays. Then have a glass of unsweetened grapefruit juice. Then look at more plays.") He brought his hand-clapping enthusiasm-through-example with him from L.A. and, just in case anyone missed the point, nine players as well. Defensive Tackle Diron Talbert is one of these transplants. "This team is really in the same position the Rams were in in 1965," he says. "It's used to losing its butt off. Now the attitude will be no problem. After winning so much in L.A., I don't even think about losing. George brought us here for that reason, to provide the key. We have to do our part."

Along with Talbert, the most important new keys from the Rams will be Linebackers Jack Pardee and Myron Pottios and Defensive Back Richie Peterson; other trades (19 in all) added Defensive Ends Ron McDole (Bills) and Verlon Biggs (Jets) and Return Specialist Speedy Duncan (Chargers). Allen overhauled the weak defense, repaired the specialty teams and tuned up the offense, getting Wide Receiver Roy Jefferson from the Colts. Then Sonny Jurgensen, whom Wide Receiver Charley Taylor appropriately calls "the spark-plug who makes all us valves move," broke his shoulder making a tackle and will be out six weeks. Bill Kilmer will fill in but no one can really replace Sonny, the consummate quarterback despite the handicap of it being his 15th season under his eighth coach. "You just make the little adjustments," he says with a wry smile. "They all have different ways. But it's no problem."

No problem at all, if Taylor knows what he is talking about. "All these guys George brought in, man, they are some ballplayers," he says. "They're the backbone, the motivation. They're loud, not afraid to speak out and let you know where it's at. It's like when Green Bay was winning. They had guys who didn't mind walking up and 'Thud!' busting you in the chest."

The New York Giants, on the other hand, spent the preseason wondering whether they would have enough men

of any sort. They led the league in walk-outs (six) and freak injuries (Tackle Charlie Harper suffered a hairline fracture of his ankle when he jumped out a first-story window during a fire in the Giants' dining hall). Head Coach Alex Webster somehow managed to maintain a sense of humor through it all. When ex-Yankee Pitcher Whitey Ford asked him to sneak off for a game of golf, Webster declined. "They walk out when I'm here," he said. "I don't dare leave them alone."

The most important of all the walk-outs, Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, was the only one to return (with a reported \$125,000 contract); fortunately for the Giants, for as goes Tarkenton so goes the ball club. Last year Fran and a weak schedule put the Giants into contention, with only a final-game loss to the Rams keeping them out of the playoffs. But Tarkenton spent the exhibition season working with new receivers, while the other half of the offense, Running Back Ron Johnson, spent it recovering from a minor operation. So there was testing on offense, where many of the weapons were missing, and even more testing on defense, where nothing is certain except that Spider Lockhart will be at free safety, Fred Dryer at left end and Jim Files at middle linebacker.

And, of course, nothing comes easy to Philadelphia, where the Eagles, who finally find themselves competitive, also find themselves opening the season playing five of last year's division winners (they miss only Baltimore). But Eagle fans, who no longer have Norman Snead to boo, should be very discriminating about their next victim. Especially if they intend it to be Pete Liske, who moved in from Denver to take over for Snead. "Pete's style of play appeals even to the defense," says Linebacker Adrian Young. "He's willing to put his shoulder into people, get his butt squashed. It's appealing. That's a defensive style."

The Eagle defense, centered around Middle Linebacker Tim Rossovich (page 90), developed style both on and off the field last year, and if Liske can bring some consistency to the offense, Philadelphia may survive the first five Sundays and win some. Last year, despite a 3-10-1 record, the Eagles finished right in the middle of all statistical departments. "We feel we're respectable now," says Young. "Some people would disagree. We'll just have to convince them."

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# NATIONAL CENTRAL

The Vikings have three proven quarterbacks. They finish first. The Lions have two proven quarterbacks. They finish second. The Packers have one proven quarterback. They finish third. The Bears have two unproven quarterbacks.

**D**on't knock winning," Bud Grant, the head coach of the Minnesota Vikings, was saying recently. "The Vikings aren't good copy, but all we do is win and that's enough for me." With the acquisition of Quarterback Norm Snead from Philadelphia, there may be more this season, some of the pizzazz that Minnesota has shunned. "Snead gives Minnesota something they haven't had, the great arm," says former Eagle Coach Charlie Gauer. "He could be the player of the year. It's another Y.A. Tittle case."

Around the country coaches are agreeing with Gauer, which makes one wonder why some of the other teams didn't try to trade for Snead. And the Snead clause has a case: he played behind poor lines at Washington and Philadelphia. For the most part, confidence is his problem but with the best blocking line in the NFL in front of him, Snead's anxieties should vanish. He has a quick release and unloads rapidly in the face of a blitz, but then he has had a lot of practice at it. Most important, Gary Cuozzo, the incumbent, has been dragging his feet getting to the front office and signing a contract. Too, the Vikings have been unhappy with Cuozzo's reluctance or inability to throw over the middle to the tight end. Bob Lee, the third quarterback, is happy; he's also the punter, so his job is secure.

For Snead, life in the Northland will be more than a change of scenery. Besides the line, there are the strong backs, Dave Osborn and Bill Brown, and the fast backs, Clint Jones and rookie Leo Hayden. The Vikes, who had more fine receivers than they could use, picked up another, Al Denson, in a trade with Denver; he can be paired with the peerless Gene Washington.

But defense is the Vikings' game. It is a simple principle. Stop the drive, stall them, make them panic, force mistakes. Then get the ball for the offense with good field position. On offense the Vikes play it close to the vest; the defense has a free hand. They stunt and blitz but mostly they leave it up to their storied

front four—Carl Eller, Gary Larsen, Alan Page and Jim Marshall. The linebacking, with Lonnie Warwick in the middle and Roy Winston and Wally Hilgenberg on the outside, is excellent, not so much individually as collectively, which is the way the Minnesota units should be judged. Each brilliantly performs its function: the front four make a cavalry charge at the passer and crumble ball carriers, the linebackers aggressively cover the holes and any receivers seeping into their zone. Meanwhile, the defensive backs go for the ball.

"There's too many guys talking Super Bowl around here," Detroit Coach Joe Schmidt grumbled after the Lions lost to the Bengals in an exhibition game. "Heck, we'll have to work our butts off, fight for every inch just to make the playoffs." Schmidt's accomplishments in the past four years have been near miraculous. Seventy-five percent of the roster has changed, 11 of the first 22 starters are his draft picks, and the defensive polarity of the club has been altered. The Lions have become a scoring team. More important, they made the playoffs as a wild-card choice in 1970. If push comes to shove they hope to squeeze in that way again this year.

Essentially a young team, Detroit has experience, too; no rookies will make the starting lineup. Detroit can't match Minnesota's defense, but the Lions can score. Last season they set a club record of 41 touchdowns. This was due to the quick development of Greg Landry, the 24-year-old quarterback. Landry's precocity can be judged by his 61% completion average. "He always generates something when he's playing," says Schmidt. Sometimes it's too much excitement for the coach. Landry likes to run, and unfortunately he is too successful to be easily discouraged, so the quarterback run is now an integral part of Detroit's game plan. Landry's one failing is a tendency to throw the dangerous crossfield pass. Fortunately, Schmidt has a competent back-up in Bill Munson.

The Lions have the speed at wide receivers in Larry Walton and Earl McCollough to go long, but after three years McCollough still runs sloppy patterns and fails to get open as often as he should. For now, Landry's favorite target is Tight End Charlie Sanders. The running, with Mel Farr and Albie Taylor carrying the ball, was second best in the NFC last season. It could be better with the two light, fast backs spelled by Steve Owens and Nick Eddy.

On defense, Detroit is a gambling, punishing group. At times it plays with too much abandon, and as a result has been burned by the big play, which was Cornerback Lem Barney's problem last year. He kept trying for the interception and was beaten too often. This style is also physically beyond some of the older defenders. The rush line sacked opposing quarterbacks only 23 times, and management pointed at 36-year-old Alex Karras, who played on a balky knee. Last spring Karras claims he ran from Detroit to Clinton, Iowa to prove the knee was O.K. Witty fellow, Alex, but management didn't laugh. That's only half the problem. Jerry Rush, the other starting tackle, had disc surgery in mid-June, leaving the inside pressure in doubt. The rest of the defense is strong, particularly Linebackers Paul Naumoff (who may miss a few games because of a foot injury), Mike Lucci and Wayne Walker. The Lions blitz and stunt more than most pro teams, which points up the extent of their line problem.

"We're hearing the gospel, something we haven't heard in a few years," says Green Bay Center Ken Bowman. "Dan Devine is a heck of a coach. He's got us believing we can win." An efficient, well-organized man, Devine is starting his pro career with the caution of an Iowa banker. "We've made changes and improvements in the team without giving up our valuable draft choices," he says. He is husbanding two first-round picks in the 1972 draft; inevitably, one will be spent on a hotshot quarterback unless Devine forgoes the long wait and makes a trade.



In the meantime, the Packers are faced with the limited alternative of playing Zeke Bratkowski, returned from two years as an assistant coach, or Scott Hunter, a rookie from Alabama. The options do not include Bart Starr, who has been forced to delay his comeback by a second arm operation.

One thing is certain: Green Bay will junk the tactical frills initiated by Phil Bengtson and go back to the pro set. Rushing appears to be the Packers' surest way of moving the ball, even though Jim Grabowski was waived to the Bears and the other half of the million-dollar backfield, Donny Anderson, could be pushed aside by the more explosive but fumble-prone Dave Hampton. Rookie John Brockington is a strong blocker with the speed to run outside and he will start at fullback.

Green Bay fans have long adored the defense, which carried the Packers to at least one championship in their final moments of glory. Now only Lionel Aldridge ("I was known simply as the other defensive end until Willie Davis retired") is a recognizable name on the rush line. Combined with Mike McCoy, Bob Brown and Clarence Williams, the front four has improved and its philosophy has

changed from containment to pressure since the bigger, stronger linemen are better equipped for that assignment.

Linebacking remains the muscle as well as the nerve center of the Packer defense. The outside backers, Dave Robinson and Fred Carr, shut off the flanks and cover the under zones, but there is a question whether Ray Nitschke will start, the plan being to replace him with Jim Carter. "I'm not holding the door and moving aside," vows Nitschke. "I'll be at the old stand when the season begins." Either way, the linebackers will be accomplished enough to compensate for a weakened secondary. The problem here is not the old reliable safeties but timid young cornerbacks.

In a word, the Chicago Bears situation is unbelievable. It began with knee operations on Gale Sayers and Dick Butkus, the two most gifted performers in football. Sayers' return to form, even to partial service, remains in doubt, but Butkus seems to have recovered. Whatever chance the Bears have for a respectable season hinges upon them. The unpromising picture is further darkened by six salary malcontents, one of whom, Defensive Back Bennie McRae, never showed up and was traded to the Giants,

Dick Gordon, the NFL's leading receiver, and George Seals, a regular on the defensive line, reported but remain disgruntled and unsigned.

Moreover, the Bears have problems like who to play at quarterback, tight end and running back. The quarterback will be either Jack Concannon or Bobby Douglass. Concannon will probably win by default. He would get the popular vote of the players, since the contempt for Douglass has reached the point where they hoo and curse his calls at the line of scrimmage. Both men have ability, but at different positions. Concannon would make a good receiver and Douglass is a natural to be the Bears' starting fullback. However, they insist on playing quarterback.

Running produced only three touchdowns last year and most of the feckless backs have been traded or cut, the Bears choosing to start afresh with rookies Joe Moore and Jim Harrison. Until he was injured, Moore showed to advantage; Harrison has revealed nothing. The latest aspirants: Grabowski and Don Shy.

The defense is strong enough to rescue a few games and make low-scoring contests out of most others. It is Chicago's only hope for a decent season.

CONTINUED

# NATIONAL WEST

The 49ers have the passing, the running and the schedule. First The Rams have lost nine starters but they've gained a coach. Second, The Falcons have health. Third The Saints have Archie Manning. He will have trouble

The San Francisco 49ers, who have been panning in pro football's gold fields for 25 years with only a couple of nuggets to show for it, should find the Mother Lode this season. First, they were a notably sound team in 1970. They will be better in 1971 with the addition of outside speed in the backfield, almost the only thing they lacked last season. Second, the Los Angeles Rams, the 49ers' principal rivals and, during the George Allen era, almost perennial champions of the NFC West or its predecessor, the NFL Coastal Division, are in a state of flux, many of their veterans having been traded. Third, the 49ers have the seventh-easiest schedule in the NFL (for the record, the Rams have the 13th, the New Orleans Saints the 22nd and the Atlanta Falcons, who may replace the Rams as the chief obstacle to San Francisco winning its second straight division championship, the 24th).

John Brodie, the best quarterback in the league last year, looked even sharper than usual during training camp. One day, before practice, Brodie was playing catch with a wide receiver named Jerry Simmons (since waived), who was wear-

ing No. 83. Brodie called to Simmons, who was standing 20 yards away, "What part of the 3 would you like me to hit?" Simmons pointed to the bar in the middle and when he caught the pass the tip of the ball rested squarely on the bar.

At 36, Brodie is indubitably in his prime (page 63) and he is durable, a useful asset since the No. 2 quarterback, Steve Spurrier, lacks game experience. An offensive line which allowed Brodie to be sacked only eight times last year insures his durability and gives him time to throw, which he does with precision, short, long and incomplete. The latter talent will be more important than ever this season with a new and tougher rule against intentional grounding.

His receivers, including All-Pro Gene Washington, are speedy, in good supply, and more accomplished than in 1970, but the most marked improvement in the 49ers will be in the running attack, which ranked ahead of only the Saints in the division last year and was 10th (out of 13) in the NFC.

Ken Willard, the draft horse of the backfield for many years, came to camp at a svelte 216 and looks much quicker,

but two rookies will provide the outside speed the club needs. They are Vic Washington, a 5' 10", 200-pound defector from the Canadian Football League, and Joe Orduña, the Nebraska star. Washington was pressing Doug Cunningham, who started with Willard last year, at halfback, but two key fumbles in the 49ers' 34-28 exhibition loss to the Raiders may have set him back. Larry Schreiber, who taxed last year, ran well in the exhibitions and superseded Bill Tucker, who was traded, as Willard's backup.

Interestingly, the 49ers' new found running game may work to the detriment of its passing attack. To protect Brodie, the offensive linemen have been in the habit of lining up with their weight on their heels, so they can set up for pass blocking. Moreover, they had huddled together like sheep to close up the rushing lanes. To enable the linemen to fire out for the run, the new offensive line coach, Dick Stufel, has told his charges to put their weight on the balls of their feet; also to increase their spacing so the defense will spread out and the backs have room to run. As a result the rushers are doing fine, but the 49er quar-



terbacks were sacked six times in the first four exhibitions. So you want to be a football coach?

The 49er defense was strong in 1970, with some new people breaking in, so it will be stronger in 1971, with the new people settled in. The line is especially deep, with a good pass rush, and the line-backers, although not as well known as some, are capable. Frank Nunley, the middle backer, calls the defenses with what may seem to be reckless abandon, but his calls work. "We look surprised, but we don't second guess him any more," says one teammate. "He's been right too often."

The secondary, with Bruce Taylor, a brilliant rookie in 1970, teaming with All-Pro Jimmy Johnson to give the team the best set of cornerbacks in the NFL, is so good that San Francisco let its first draft choice, Ohio State's Tim Anderson, go to Canada without much of a struggle. Anderson was to have had a shot at strong safety.

The 49ers are probably as stable as any club, a prerequisite for championships. By contrast, the Rams have cleared house under Tommy Prothro, the new coach up from the college ranks (Oregon State and UCLA). The changes are most sweeping on defense, with a completely new set of linebackers, and only one starter in the secondary, Kermit Alexander, returning, and he has been switched from cornerback to safety.

All told, nine starters are gone, the system is new and the emphasis has changed from defense to offense. Allen's strategy was based on the fewest mistakes possible; Prothro believes a few mistakes can be overcome by an occasional big score. Prothro may be right, but he will have trouble proving it this season. He has a first-rate quarterback in Roman Gabriel, and such wonderfully strong and able defensive players as Deacon Jones and Merlin Olsen, but he doesn't have enough offense. When that deficiency is combined with a lack of professional experience in both his players and himself, the conclusion can only be that Prothro is a few years away.

The Atlanta Falcons, with acerbic, belligerent Norman Van Brocklin doing the coaching, are almost the complete antithesis of the Rams. Unlike Prothro, Van Brocklin, who quarterbacked the Rams in some of their best years, makes his players wear short hair and answer to a very strict curfew. Like Dick No-

lan in San Francisco, Van Brocklin has spent a good deal of time constructing a team that is formidable on defense, hopeful on offense. Now, also like Nolan, he's got the defense, and he's only a year or two away from having as good an offense as the 49ers.

The one big change the Dutchman has made is in wide receivers, where the Falcons had two rather elderly performers. Gail Cogdill quit after 11 years on the firing line and Paul Flatley, who was with Van Brocklin when he was the fledgling coach of the fledgling Minnesota Vikings, retired after being waived to the New England Patriots. Most teams throw most often to their wide receivers. A measure of the ability of these two is that the leading receiver for the Falcons a year ago was Jim Mitchell, a tight end. Van Brocklin would have liked to have traded his discredited quarterback, Randy Johnson, for a veteran receiver, but no one wanted Johnson enough to give up someone who can catch a pass for someone who can't throw one. So the wide receivers will be two of three youngsters—No. 2 draft pick Ken Burrow of San Diego State, No. 5 Ray Jarvis from Norfolk State and No. 7 Wes Chesson of Duke. The best so far has been Burrow, Johnson finally wound up with the Giants, ostensibly for a high draft choice, but at practically the same time Atlanta claimed Quarterback Dick Shiner, one of the Giants' walkouts.

Van Brocklin has one big plus, although it may not do him any good this season. He has one of the youngest teams in the league, the oldest player being Ray Poage, 30, a tight end who was picked up in a trade with the New Orleans Saints and will probably see little action. Bob Berry, the quarterback who went to Van Brocklin's alma mater, Oregon, is 29; he played briefly for the Dutchman at Minnesota and presumably has improved, although it is not always noticeable.

The defense is sound and almost unchanged from last year, when the Falcons lived—although it wasn't the best of lives—on defense. One linebacker has been switched to the outside but the defensive line, a very good one, is unaltered. It features two admirable outside pass rushers in Claude Humphrey, who was All-Conference, and John Zook. Tommy Nobis sets up a mobile and aggressive set of linebackers. Nobis, whose

injured legs curtailed his spectacular range in 1970, is healthy and that in itself improves the defense by about 20%.

The offensive line was decimated by injuries last season, dropping the Falcons' average gain per carry 1.8 yards below that of 1969, but the halt and the lame are now apparently hale, including George Kunz, a No. 1 pick in 1969, who missed five games in 1970. Only one regular, Malcolm Sinder, managed to survive all of 1970, and the heavy body count forced him to play three positions.

The backs, who searched in vain for holes in 1970, are bolstered by the addition of rookie Joe Profit out of Northeast Louisiana. He may nudge one of last year's starters—Cannonball Butler or Art Malone—onto the bench. Van Brocklin has such capable running backs in reserve as Harmon Wages and Sonny Campbell, a good thing at a position where injuries are commonplace.

The Falcons lack depth here and there but if they can avoid injury they could do well. Not well enough, however, because of that fearsome schedule, the third worst in the NFL. The teams they play this year won .588 of their games in 1970; the teams that play the 49ers won .446.

And the teams that play the New Orleans Saints won .562 while the Saints themselves won .454. Does that sound hopeless? It is. The Saints' coach, J. D. Roberts, had a 2-7 record with the Richmond Roadrunners of the Atlantic Coast Football League before taking over, in mid-1970, a team that subsequently traded away two fine young tackles, Mike Tilleman (the most valuable player on the club last year) and Dave Rowe. The hapless Roberts went 1 and 7 after replacing the beleaguered Tom Fears.

Archie Manning, a fine athlete and potentially a fine quarterback, was the Saints' first draft selection and he has a lively year ahead of him. The offensive line leaks, the defensive line leaks, the secondary leaks and the best thing Manning can do all season is to throw very quickly to Danny Abramowicz, a very good receiver. Manning played part of last year at Ole Miss with a broken arm. In retrospect, he may have been well off. After a couple of exhibition games he said he had never been hit so hard. And the season hasn't even begun.

The Saints may win one or two games this year, but it's hard to figure out which ones. **END**

# RUSHING WITH A GOLDEN GAIT

The San Francisco 49ers were once saddled with the nickname Prospectors. It didn't stick, maybe because it called to mind a grizzled band of wizened no-hopers who couldn't make a first down much less win a football game. The 49ers, as is evident from the photographs of some of last year's heroes on the following pages, look nothing like Walter Brennan. And they should look even better this year. In 1970 San Francisco reached the National Conference playoffs—its finest NFL season. This year the 49ers move from grim old Kezar Stadium to Candlestick Park, where they will play on "fourth generation Astro turf," a softer version of the Astrodome rug. A good thing, too, because with an improved running game the 49ers will generate a lot of falls. When the whistle blows, the most upright guy in the house is bound to be Quarterback John Brodie (see cover), due in no small part to his large and solicitous linemen, who call themselves "The Protectors." It rhymes with prospectors, but is a better handle if the 49ers are to be the 71ers and mine that Super Bowl gold.

Fleeing upfield is Bruce Taylor, NFC Defensive Rookie of the Year. A cornerback from Boston University, Taylor was the league's second-leading punt returner.







Earl Edwards (right), here brooding on the bench, was one of eight linemen the 49ers rotated on defense.



Tackle Len Rohde (right) & Co. allowed John Brodie to be dumped but eight times in 1970, an NFL record.



At 34, craggy Charlie Krueger (70) is the old man of the defensive line. At 22, Cedrick Hardman (86) is the baby



To gain speed, Ken Willard (40), the team's top rusher, will play at 216 pounds, down 15 from last season.





Middle Linebacker Frank (Fudge Hammer) Nunley stacks up the interference as Roland Lakes, since traded, grabs Green Bay's Jim Grabowski.



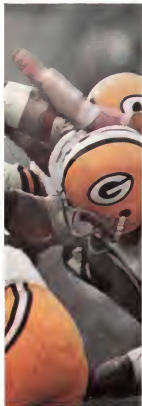


Almost the entire team has a hand in subduing the ballcarrier as San Francisco defeats Minnesota in playoffs.

Hardman (right), who goes 6' 3" with four feet on the ground, soars above Don Horn to try to deflect his pass.

Doug Cunningham, the 49ers' No. 2 ground-gainer (bottom left), surges through grasping Green Bay defense.

Cradling ball after catching a Brodie pass is Gene Washington, who led NFL receivers in yardage with 1,100.







# THE PRIME OF MR. JOHN BRODIE

by ROBERT F. JONES

If the San Francisco 49ers make it all the way to the Super Bowl this season, as well they might, then they will owe a long stretch of that journey to the strong right arm of Quarterback John Riley Brodie. Ah, but to what does John Brodie owe his strong right arm? Hold on to your hip flasks, sports fans. If one is to believe Brodie himself, and there is no cause to doubt him, a large part of his success in piloting the 49ers last year to their first title (NFC, Western Division) was due to a gnomish wizard who can wing a pigskin approximately nine yards on the fly, run from scrimmage at minus five yards per carry and block with all the rugged authority of a roll of Charmin.

The hierophant in question is L. Ron Hubbard, a reformed science-fiction writer and the founding prophet of Scientology. And what, you might ask, is Scientology? Gather around the Sacred Computer, heathens, and harken to the Holy Bloop.

Acknowledged by a federal judge to have met the qualifications of being a religion, the Church of Scientology claims six million adherents and some 700 churches and missions scattered from California (naturally) through Europe and Africa to New Zealand. Scientology is a streamlined amalgam of positive thinking, computer science and diluted Freudian self-analysis. Riteless—and basically wrongless—it encourages its adherents to break the closed circle of their own doubts and concentrate their energies on the fulfillment of wishes that they had never before believed possible. To achieve these ends, the "priests" of Scientology, identified in the *Handbook for Preclears* (its dust jacket copy commends it as "a magnificent bridge out of unwanted conditions to the beginnings of Scientology") as auditors, guide the faithful through an intense and intensive sequence of 15 self-analytical Acts, during which the neophytes clear their mind banks of doubts in the manner of a com-

puter warming up for a new problem. These self-defeating hang-ups are known in Scientologese as "service facsimiles." According to High Auditor Hubbard, "Arthritis, bursitis, tendinitis, myopia, astigmatism, bizarre aches and pains, sinusitis, colds, ulcers, migraine headaches, toothaches, poliomyelitis deformities, fatness and skin malformations," not to mention sexual inadequacy and the blahs, may be "traceable to service facsimiles." As the preclear purges himself of these "definitely non-survival situations," he brings into full play his powerful "Theta." Whazzat, you say? Well, if you didn't know you had one, it's located just under your. . . . Actually, Theta is "the mathematical symbol for the static of thought. By Theta is meant the static itself. By facsimile is meant Theta which contains impressions by perception."

An Operating Thetan, or O.T., as the fully cleared Scientology adherent is known, can master nearly any earthly or extraterrestrial situation, from beating out a co-worker for a desirable promotion or coping with a cantankerous wife through defeating the Dallas Cowboys or death itself. The aim of the O.T. is to be the Cause in all developments, never the Effect—a laudable aim for any human being, and particularly for NFL quarterbacks.

In any event, an O.T., as Brodie hopes to become, is not to be taken frivolously, as the defenses of many a team discovered last season when he was only a Scientological beginner. Intense but in tune with the totality of the universe, he knows what he wants, when he wants it, why, where and how to get it. Aware of the rights and sensibilities of others (including pets, plants, wildlife, newsmen, the earth, the stars and the very cosmos), he nonetheless realizes that he must be in firm control of his environment and never dilatory in pursuit of his goals. O.T.s have been known to claim that they can move mountains in

the Koranic sense. If so, an O.T. was once asked, why are the Himalayas and the Rockies still in place? "We only move them at night," came the reply, "when no one is looking."

John Brodie's problem is not quite so big as the transposition of mountain ranges. All he has to move is a football team. To that end, his Scientological explorations seem to have proved fruitful. "I'm very serious about Scientology," he says, with his muddy-brown eyes hardening toward flint to dissuade any quips. "People have tended to portray me as something of a goof-off. I'm a lot more serious than that." He grurs and extends his passing arm full length. "In the past I felt my talent was out to here, but my performance was only about there." He hacks at his elbow. "Early last season my arm was bothering me. Ever since I broke it in 1963, it hadn't been completely right. A friend of mine suggested that I take a crack at Scientology, just to see if I couldn't clear it up. Maybe it was psychosomatic—a 'service facsimile' that I called up from the past to justify my failure or, in fact, to set up another failure and another gratifying session of self-pity. Well, I know it's hard to believe, but after just two hour-long sessions my arm got better and it's been right ever since. I've gone a long way since then—I'm just a step short of 'clear.' For the first four months of my preclear, I didn't say a word to my wife or kids. But Susan could tell that something was going on. Finally she asked me what I was doing, what was changing me. Now she and the four kids are into Scientology, too. In fact, Susan will probably beat me to clear."

There was little in John Brodie's earlier life that would lead one to believe he would become a convert to a cult like Scientology. He was born and raised in San Francisco, where his father was an administrator of the Kaiser Medical Plan that flourished after World War II. Educated at good schools, though not with the best of grades, he went on to Stan-

*continued*

ford, where he refused an athletic scholarship and majored in history. Although he got his degree, Brodie had his problems at Stanford, in studies if not in football—he was unanimous All-America in 1956. He was accused of cribbing on a cinema-studies exam, and no less a San Francisco tastemaker than Lucius Beebe called him a “boob.” Brodie still bristles at the accusation. “Who was more of a freak?” he is wont to ask. And he firmly denies the cheating charge. Nonetheless, it did seem a bit too easy for the young Brodie. Blessed with natural athletic talent, endowed by nature and his clothiers with a certain inalienable charm, he married well—Susan is the daughter of a successful Bay Area physician—and signed a good pro contract.

Eventually, he paid off for the 49ers. While hutting the team to a 10-3-1 record last year—the best ever in the club's NFL history—he passed for 2,941 yards, tops in the league. His 24 touchdown passes, half of them to Wide Receiver Gene Washington, were also a seasonal high, while his eight sackings were a low for any regular quarterback. In the league ratings, only Washington's Sonny Jurgensen was ahead of Brodie in pass completions—59.9% to 59%—and no one in the NFC had fewer interceptions (10). As the new season gets under way, Brodie ranks seventh on the NFL's lifetime list of leading passers.

Little wonder, then, that Brodie was named the NFL's Most Valuable Player for 1970, Dallas Coach Tom Landry, who is not known for gushiness when it comes to the opposition, dripped verbal honey all over him: “The highest tribute that can be paid a quarterback is to say that he strikes a little fear into whatever defensive team he faces. Brodie does that. I marvel at the way he has now mastered the art of quarterback.” Landry, of course, could afford to be effusive. In the NFC championship game, the Dallas defense—as parsimonious of yardage as its mentor is of praise—snagged two of Brodie's passes and limited him to only one touchdown pass, and the 49er season came to a close with a 17-10 loss. To those who fancy the occult, it appeared to have been a triumph of shrink over computer: Brodie's opposite number, Dallas Quarterback Craig Morton, had been undergoing hypnosis therapy throughout the season and keeping it just as quiet as Brodie had his own Scientological involve-

ment. (In the final analysis, of course, it was the unconstructed, free-swinging, extroverted toe of Baltimore Placekicker Jim O'Brien that determined the NFL championship—a kick in the tail for both Freud and Hubbard.)

Last year was the first in its 21 years of NFL existence that a San Francisco team had fought it out all the way and avoided the choke that has given the city a loser's reputation in professional sports. It was as strong and dramatic a finish as any in recent seasons. After dropping a “must” game to the Los Angeles Rams at Kezar Stadium 30-13, the 49ers had to win their remaining three regular-season games in order to stay in contention for the division title. In the saloons and salons of Baghdad-by-the-Bay, the faithful winced and waited for “El Foldo,” which blows into town as regularly as the Pacific fog. Not to worry. The 49ers came from behind in all three games, surprising not only their fans but themselves. Brodie passed for 647 yards and had only one interception. Seven of his passes went for touchdowns (five of them to Washington). Against the Saints, who had tied San Francisco 20-20 earlier in the season, Brodie added insult to injury by running the ball in from a yard out. “Brodie has always been a good quarterback,” Coach Dick Nolan argues stoutly. “Last season he was a great one. The 49ers were a better ball club, stronger in almost every department. But it was John's consistency that brought us the division championship.”

More than that, Brodie's cool self-assurance shored up a club that in the past had been undercut by self-doubt. When the 49ers journeyed to Minnesota for the NFC's interdivisional playoff against the Vikings, few gave them a chance. Bud Grant's Purple People Eaters had the best season record in the league, and they were chomping their ugly jaws in their own frosty backyard. The thermometer read 8° just before kickoff, but a bright, California-style sun shone on the hillocks of snow in the end zones. While the Viking fans warmed themselves with schnapps and visions of Miami, Brodie came on with his own central heating, courtesy of Hubbard. Wearing a short-sleeved jersey and appearing impervious to the cold, he hit on 16 of 32 passes for 201 yards and one touchdown, then ran another in himself for the clincher

late in the fourth quarter. Final score: 49ers 17, Vikes 14. “We beat them at their own game,” Brodie exulted afterward. “Hard-nosed defense and a balanced offense that never really exploded. But, by gum, we popped loud enough to be heard on the scoreboard at the right times.”

During his 14 seasons Brodie has taken more abuse from fans than most quarterbacks. Only in his rookie year, 1957, did the Kezar Cruelty Brigade chant “We want Brodie!” with any real enthusiasm. And even that was suspect, for in those distant days the 49er fans were down on another quarterback, Y. A. Tittle. When Tittle moved east to star for the New York Giants, Brodie inherited both his job and his searing seclusion. The chants now rang out: “We want Kilmer!” “We want Waters!” “We want Mira!” Goaded to new highs of rancor by fog, sea gulls, defeat and boilermakers, Kezar crowds took to pouring restoratives on Brodie's head as he ran down the ramp to the dressing room after a loss. “Sometimes they didn't bother to take the beer out of the cans,” Brodie recalls with an icy chuckle. “Finally we had to put up a Cyclone fence to protect ourselves from their hardware.”

Despite all the garbage he was collecting on the field, Brodie accrued plenty of compensation. San Francisco, for all its glamour, is still a pretty small pond, and “Brodie,” as he came to be known, was one of its biggest athletic fish. What's more, in a town that considers itself to be quite dashing and devil-may-care, he was a born gamesman. Regardless of what the critics might think of his football skills (which have always been considerable), no one could question Brodie's verve or nerve in other games. A fine amateur golfer, he gave the pro tour a whirl for several years. “I learned that as a pro you could only handle one sport at a time if you were to succeed,” he says, “and my sport is football.” Still, he shoots scratch golf to this day. At cards Brodie is equally dangerous—“poker, gin, bridge. I enjoy them all.” Nor is he a piker: he once dropped \$3,200 in an evening of gin to a notorious San Francisco player. Tennis, Ping-Pong, paddleball, handball, even dominoes or jacks—Brodie will play them all, and well, given the proper circumstances. “If there's action,” he says, “I like it.”

The old American Football League learned that to its great dismay in 1966. That was the year of the Big Roads, when the AFL, in a desperate effort to achieve parity with the NFL, was buying up superstars at astronomical prices—or threatening to. Playing the Houston Oilers against Pete Rozelle, with the fear of an antitrust suit as the zinger, Brodie collected a reported \$750,000 and helped precipitate the merger of the rival leagues.

Explaining what John Riley Brodie has done during his 36 years is not, of course, explaining who John Riley Brodie is, as L. Ron Hubbard would be the first to admit. "The only thing that's real is the moment," Brodie philosophized recently. It was a California statement in a California setting, and to one listener, at least, it brought back memories of the Haight-Ashbury district during the abortive Summer of Love in 1967. In those hopeful days one might hail a hippie wearing a wristwatch and ask him "Hey, man, what time is it?" The hippie would peel back the backskin fringes covering his watch and display its blank, handless face with a grand gesture of contempt for temporality. "Like, man," he would say, "it's Now."

Brodie would never use such cliché-ridden language, but his meaning was the same. He was sitting in a dark, air-conditioned cocktail lounge on the northern outskirts of Santa Barbara, where the 49ers spend part of their pre-season training time. Sipping slowly and alternately at a glass of tomato juice and a Coors beer, taking an occasional drag on a Marlboro, he was surrounded by some of his "translators," as the San Francisco sportswriters call Brodie's closest friends on the team. Dave Wilcox, the outside linebacker now in his eighth season, is a slow-talking Oregonian with a wide, playfully evil grin—nobody's fool and a certified hell raiser in any NFL city, on field or off. Another good buddy is Julian Douglas Cunningham, nicknamed "Goober," the fifth-year rushing back out of Mississippi whose aggressive blocking and sure hands on short patterns more than compensate for his lack of size (6', 192 pounds). Finally, and physically the most impressive, was Stan Handman, the massive defensive lineman, with his blood Zapata-style mustache and his off-beat reputation as a painter and sculptor of considerable merit. It was an odd

quartet but fully in keeping with Brodie's new breadth: the Quarterback-Philosopher, the Linebacker-Chaser, the Halfback-Man of Action and the Line-man-Artist.

"Yeah," said Brodie, after a double sip of tomato juice and beer, "the moment is what counts. And ever since I took up Scientology, every moment has been important, if not fun. Some were pretty frustrating all right—the losses along the way last year. But I was learning from them, not moping over them or trying to shut them out of my consciousness. And learning how to handle things is the essence of being alive. I've never felt younger since I was 30." Wilcox snorted and leered at a passing waitress. Goober stared at the ceiling, puzzled and embarrassed by the heavy words. Handman mumbled something about age and pain: perhaps he was contemplating a new sculpture.

"Look," Brodie continued, "I don't want to sound like one of those goody-goodies who are always making it sound so easy, but Elmer Fudd could quarterback many of these NFL teams to a championship. My old lady could do it. Not that Unitas or Morton or Plunkett or Sontag—any of them, for that matter—is Elmer Fudd. God forbid they should paste a quote like that on their locker door! What I mean is, the whole over-emphasis on the quarterback is misplaced if you really understand what football is about. If you have balance, depth, a strong-willed but sympathetic coach like we have in Dick Nolan, a good stable of assistants, then you have the makings. After that, as a quarterback, you have to be cool and contained, a bit of a stud, perhaps, but not necessarily a scrambler. Not if it's going to hurt you and, through you, your team. No need for pain."

Handman tugged at his mustache. He knew pain more recently than Brodie. The season before last Handman had a knee operation. Last year, coming back from the physical and psychological torture of that commonplace surgery, he played backup defensive end as part of Nolan's Awesome Eightosome—the 49ers circulated two whole rush lines for most of the season, keeping fresh pressure on the enemy almost at will. At this particular Scientological moment, however, Handman was fighting hard to stay in the lineup. The powers that be were considering moving him from end to de-

continued

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### 49ers *continued*

fensive tackle where, as the coaches put it, his "intelligence and quickness" were bound to pay off in a game that increasingly favors mobility over sheer strength. The trouble is, Hindman has lost much of his quickness to the surgeon's knife. He compensates with even more intelligence. "Pain," he sighed. "No friend of mine." One day he will put it into a sculpture, taking great pains himself with the blowtorch.

Goobar Cunningham, reclining in his chair well out of the mainstream of the conversation, snuffed peckishly. He wore a seedy little mustache, nowhere near as luxuriant as Hindman's, and a hard-boiled expression far tougher than Brodie's Irish good-guy mask. Clearly, Goobar never heard of pain; he knows not what it is. All of this phony bull—let's talk about football!

One is put in mind of John Brodie's accident back in 1963—the one that shattered his passing arm and developed into that highly serviceable "service facsimile." Brodie had plowed into a tree while driving up in the hills of the coastal range near his country club, Sharon Heights, just west of Palo Alto. "I took my eyes off the road for a moment and that caused me to misjudge a sharp turn," he says. "Fortunately, I had time to throw myself to the right, away from the steering wheel." Curiously, John Ralston, who had just taken over as head football coach at Stanford and who had never met Brodie, was driving only 300 yards behind. Ralston stopped and his wife placed a call for help from a nearby phone.

Brodie chuckled at the once painful memory. Stuck and ambitious in the past, he had felt unfulfilled because he hadn't won a championship ring. Now that he has been turned on to Scientology, he realizes that happiness should be defined as measurable progress toward a desired goal, not just the final achievement of it. Working with the team in practice, Brodie put his new beliefs into effect. Holding the tackling dummies for hefty rookies, coaching the new quarterbacks in handoffs and dumping procedures, he appeared to be the soul of selflessness, yet he had never been more "self-directed" by his desire that the 49ers win the NFL title. A most valuable player in all respects, and the upcoming season may witness his true worth. Thus, after all, is the prime of Mr. John Brodie.

END

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Bedroom

## Call him Willie—or Carlos or Lee. Everybody does

The time: one night in late August. The place: various ball parks in both major leagues. The bug: total confusion. Rudy May is on the mound for the California Angels and will be pitching against Carlos May and Lee Maye of the Chicago White Sox. They are not to be confused with Milwaukee's Dave May, who at the moment is wondering what kind of pitches Kansas City Catcher Jerry May is going to call down on him. Nor with that other May in Pittsburgh, Catcher Milt, who is thinking over the pitching pattern he will use to try to stop Cincinnati's May. Lee. By morning even the May, Maye and Mayes of baseball are going to get mixed up poring over the box scores. And it is no help that Willie Mays of the Giants had the night off. He is the only Mays everybody knows.

It is not just the number of Mayes in the big leagues—eight presently—that is so bewildering. Relationships get muddled, too. Carlos of Chicago and Lee of the Reds are brothers. Lee Maye, who is Carlos' teammate, is kin to neither. All the Mays get mistaken for each other so often, they sometimes wonder themselves which May they are. "Quite a few fans call me Willie May," says Rudy. "But then a lot call me Carlos. Most often I guess I'm just plain Lee to people. Some have even called me Jerry and man, he's white and I'm black. One of the most common mistakes is with those baseball cards. People send them to be personally autographed and the envelope is correctly addressed to me. The only trouble is, I open it and there is a picture of Lee, Carlos or Willie."

Until Willie arrived on the scene in 1951 with the Giants, only five May(e)s had made it to the majors, and one, Paddy Mayes, played just five games as an outfielder with the 1911 Phillies. The others were Pitchers Carl Mays (1915-29), whose fastball killed Cleveland's Ray Chapman in 1920, and well-trav-

eled Jackie May (1917-32). Al Mays was a pitcher in the American Association (1885-90) and Pinsky May, who now manages Cleveland's Reno farm club, played third for the Phillies from 1939 through 1943. His son is Milt, the 21-year-old Pirate rookie. "When I came up at the end of last season," Milt says, "everybody thought I was Jerry and Jerry was me. But Jerry was traded to Kansas City. My mail has been cut in half."

If Jerry May thought leaving Pittsburgh would end the confusion, he was mistaken. The Kansas City Chiefs had a celebrated defensive end named Jerry Mays, and although he has retired, he is not forgotten. Earlier this season, for instance, Kansas City newspapers had Jerry Mays catching for the Royals, and Jerry May gets a lot of letters asking him about blitzing and 4-3-4 defenses.

Cincinnati's Lee is reaching the stage where others will be mistaken for him. He has hit 37 homers, trailing only Willie Stargell and Henry Aaron in both leagues, and has driven in 88 runs. Known as the Big Bopper, he is four inches taller than his 5' 11" brother. Each weighs about 200 pounds. Carlos came to the White Sox in 1968 with a reputation as a power hitter. A mortar misfire at Marine camp the next summer cost him that reputation—and most of his right thumb. This season, although he is hitting well, he has just five homers. He put one more over the fence but somehow managed to miss touching home plate on opening day in Oakland. He was credited with a triple. At the very least that play guaranteed him that Carlos May would never be taken for Willie Mays.

The career of Dave May turned upward when he was traded to Milwaukee last year. With his new club Dave hit 14 homers and is batting around .285. "They always called me a good batting practice hitter in Baltimore," he recalls. To show he learned well, he got six hits in a doubleheader against the Orioles.

As Willie Mays and Lee Maye, 36, near retirement—or do they?—another May is appearing in the wings. He is Bob May, a righthander who was Pittsburgh's first choice in the June 1969 draft. If he develops quickly, Pittsburgh may soon field the first battery of May and May, pitching, of course, to Lee May. So far, no umpire named May has appeared, which is just as well.

## THE WEEK

by RON FIMRITE

**NL WEST** His team's heading  
plunge from the heights  
must have unhinged SAN FRANCISCO Manager Charlie Fox. Or maybe he feels his oratorical skills have not received proper recognition. Otherwise, why would he have invited newspapermen into the clubhouse Saturday in Atlanta to listen in on his desperation pep talk to the sagging Giants? "The team is too complacent," Fox told the embarrassed ballplayers as the writers scribbled. "And not all of the athletes are giving their all. What is needed is a 100% effort by everybody." Inspired, the Giants charged out onto the diamond and lost to the Braves 5-4. It was their seventh straight loss in a possibly disastrous slide. Giant fans used to talk about the June Swoon. How about Remember September? LOS ANGELES, once dead and buried, has revived. The Dodger captain and shortstop, Maury Wills, had said that "strange things" happen in September. Not so strange is his own inspired leadership in the stretch drive. Wills singled in the winning run Friday in San Diego to give the Dodgers five wins in a row and move them to within 3½ games of the Giants, the fifth time this year they've been that close. And they were half a game closer the next day when they were idle and the Giants lost again in ATLANTA. The Braves' Henry Aaron helped Los Angeles' cause by beating the Giants twice on Saturday. His three-run homer toppled them 7-5 in one game that started Friday night and—after a two-hour, 19-minute rain delay in the 11th inning—ended at 2:11 a.m. Saturday. "I've done a lot of things after two a.m.," said Aaron. "but this is the first time I've played baseball." Later that day he scored the winning run on a single by Earl Williams. Aaron howled in the sec-

continued

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ond game, too, giving him 41 for the year and 633 for his career. The Houston Astros do not hit many home runs—as a team they have only 25 more than Aaron—but they've been getting some remarkable pitching from 6' 8" rookie James Rodney Richards, who struck out 21 batters in his first 15 major league innings. "He's got a funny motion," said CINCINNATI's Woody Woodward after the Reds lost to him 5-2. "He's all arms and legs." The Reds did manage to beat SAN DIEGO's hard-luck Dave Roberts 1-0 earlier in the week.

SP 83-83 LA 80-88 ATL 74-73  
MOUS 72-74 CIN 75-77 SD 84-82

**NL EAST** MONTREAL is a nice place to live, but you wouldn't want to visit there if you happened to be in the thick of a pennant race in the National League. The Giants in the West have lost all six of their games in the Canadian city, and PITTSBURGH came a cropper there last weekend, losing two of three. Montreal pitching even cooled the hot hitting of Pirate rookie Second Baseman Rennie Stennett, whose batting streak was stopped at 18 games. In a previous series with the Expos, Stennett had gone 11 for 15, prompting Montreal Manager Gene Mauch to complain, "That kid looks like he could get a hit in the on-deck circle." ST. LOUIS geared for a stretch drive, ran into a revitalized Juan Pizarro in CHICAGO and lost a chance to gain on the faltering Pirates when he shut them out 7-0. Cub Manager Leo Durocher, under heavy fire from everyone but team Owner Phil Wrigley, looked some part of a genius the day before, when he started substitute Catcher Frank Fernandez, who rewarded his confidence with a home run, a superb pickoff throw, a fine catch of a foul ball and a successful argument with an umpire that changed a checked Cardinal swing into a swinging third strike. The only real winging in PHILADELPHIA was done by Catcher Tim McCarver. Unhappily, McCarver wasn't hitting much with his bat, but he did land a right-hand punch on the jaw of the Cardinals' Lou Brock, who, McCarver said, had been teasing him. "When guys are beating you 6 to 0 and they're laughing at you," snarled McCarver, "that's too much to take." NEW YORK's Tom Seaver was, as always, a little too much for McCarver or any of the Phillies to take as he thrashed them 9-2 for his 18th win.

PIT 82-82 ST. L 82-84 NY 75-82  
CHI 74-71 MONT 83-80 PHIL 85-87

**AL WEST** OAKLAND may be blissfully out in front of the pack, but that has not kept Owner Charlie Finley from reacting a bit snappishly to whatever adversity remains. Finley, miffed

*continued*

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**BASEBALL** continued

by consistently poor attendance, called off his "Fan Appreciation Day" scheduled for Sept. 25, there being no reason to appreciate fans who are not there. What apparently touched off Finley was the week-night crowd of only 6,378 that showed up to watch Vida Blue pitch. And Blue lost KANSAS CITY, still a distant second to the A's, was able to generate at least a little intramural competition. Either the Royals' Fred Patek or Amos Otis will be the American League's base-stealing champion. Otis stole five in one game against hapless MI WAAKKEE, putting him on the heels of Patek, who has been leading the league almost all season. By the weekend Patek had 49 steals. Otis 48. MINNESOTA will also have a league leader if Tony Oliva can stand up long enough to get to bat the 502 times required of a batting champion. Oliva, who has been playing on a painfully injured knee, will then repair to the dugout. Surgery is scheduled for the off season. And CHICAGO's Bill Melton is shooting for the league's home-run championship. He even hit one to the wrong (or right) field for the first time this year. The wrong-way shot gave him 29 for the season, one behind Detroit's Norm Cash. CALIFORNIA won't win anything but a lot of sympathy for the kind of season it is having.

OAK 92-82 KC 78-67 CHI 88-77  
CAL 88-78 MINN 66-77 MIL 62-82

**AL EAST** BALTIMORE Manager Earl Weaver, marking time until the season ends, found he had pitching problems, of all things. He has four pitchers who might win 20 games apiece, but he probably will be able to use only three of them in the playoff series with Oakland. "What a dilemma," cried Weaver, "the more they pitch, the less I know who to start." Other managers should have such problems. Billy Martin of DETROIT, for example. He only has two reliable pitchers, Mickey Lolich and Joe Coleman. When Lolich won his 23rd game he threw a champagne party for his teammates. But his bubble burst after five innings against BOSTON in his next start, he gave up all six runs in a 6-1 loss. WASHINGTON and CLEVELAND have no pitching at all. The Senators' bonus boy, Pete Broberg, lost his fourth in a row, and onetime 31-game winner Denny McLain dropped his 19th. In Cleveland they talk about hitting, not pitching. The Indians have a valid Rookie of the Year prospect in First Baseman Chris Chambliss, who boosted his average close to .295. He may get some competition from NEW YORK's Ron Blomberg who, with Bobby Murcer ill, took over as the team's big (by modern Yankee standards) hitter with a .320 average.

BALT 82-51 DET 81-84 BOST 78-71  
NY 72-73 WASH 58-85 CLEV 56-88

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EX-ADDICT MANIGAULT (WITH BROTHER, RIGHT, AND FRIEND) IS TRYING TO SWITCH FROM THE HIGH ROAD TO THE LONG ROAD BACK.

## For now the answer is not in the Stars

Earl Manigault, once one of the basketball superheroes on Harlem's playgrounds, sat resting briefly during a scrimmage at the Utah Stars' training camp and pulled his red practice jersey up under his armpits to let air circulate around his sweating chest and belly. In the middle of his lean black torso a knot of scar tissue the color and breadth of a Ping-Pong ball emblazoned a grotesque reminder of his despair, a badge of the degeneration that made him an unlikely and, ultimately, unsuccessful pro rookie at the age of 25.

"It's a burn," he explained in the soft, matter-of-fact voice with which he discusses his past. "It happened one day after I shot up. I got high and was smoking a cigarette. Then I started noddin'. When I came down from the stuff my room was all smoked up and I was burning up. My sweat shirt had caught fire and my skin was burning."

The burn was the least of the pain Manigault has felt; the scar is the smallest of its lingering horrors.

Bill Daniels, who wired up a multimillion-dollar fortune in cable television, drove over the Rockies from his home in Denver to Salt Lake City the other day to watch Manigault try out for his

ABA champion Utah Stars. It is logical that the Stars should be the first ABA team ever to turn a profit. Daniels is an inventive, self-made businessman's businessman, with tendencies toward gray suits, conservatism and flag waving. His Stars wear flags on their uniforms, as do the members of Daniels' Denver boxing team, and his red, white and blue Indianapolis car was informally christened "The Silent Majority Special" two years ago. "I'm the type of guy, if I go to a parade and they play *Anchors Aweigh* I'm ready to go sign up," he says. The new blue Cadillac Daniels drove to Utah has an American flag on each door but, significantly, neither is captioned, "Love it or leave it." For him, the flag he so unabashedly displays blankets a multitude of positions—his conservatism is something less than absolute. He is now married to his fourth wife, and says that it was not until he turned 35 that he realized, "I couldn't stay up all night partying and then do a decent job the next day. It was something that just dawned on me." More to the point, his compassion roams freely, saving him from turning into the stereotype he might be and allowing him to probe and understand the desperate world of an Earl Manigault.

Manigault and Daniels first met last winter at an Urban League storefront in Harlem. Earl arrived there via Charleston, S.C. and a fatherless tenement on West 133rd Street, but home had been the pitted black asphalt of Harlem's basketball courts. In Harlem he learned a lot about shooting and, in the end, even more about shooting up. He stole his way through Manhattan's garment district, picking off furs and dresses for the money he needed to support a heroin habit that was costing him \$90 a day by 1968. He also traveled the dingy crypts of urban justice: 18 screaming, starving days of cold turkey withdrawal in Manhattan's aptly named Tombs and 16 only slightly better months at Green Haven Prison in Stormville, N.Y. In December 1970, Manigault came back to Harlem.

Several months later Daniels arrived there, too, riding in a black Cadillac limousine and trying to find Manigault to offer him a chance with the Stars. "I heard that he was looking for me," says Manigault, "but I didn't know where he was staying. That same night Daniels walks in and asks, 'I'm looking for Earl Manigault. Is he here?' When he said who he was, I didn't know whether to believe it. This is really for me? I

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didn't hardly dare to think about it. It was the biggest thing that ever happened to me that was good."

Daniels had first read of Mangault in *The City Game*, an account of pro and playground basketball in New York written by Pete Axthelm of *Newsweek*. He recognized the commercial value Earl would have if he made the Stars, a notion that apparently had eluded the home-town Knicks and Nets. But more than that, Mangault's prison record interested Daniels, and it brought about the unlikely meeting between the young ex-junkie thief from Harlem and the 51-year-old businessman who describes himself as a Taft Republican.

Over the past several years Daniels has placed about 25 former prison inmates in jobs in his own or other companies. His experience indicated that Mangault, despite the nearly 100% recidivism rate among hard-drug addicts, might be successfully redirected.

"I'd been acquainted with cons and I knew the difficulty of getting them jobs," Daniels says. "The first eight or 10 I placed are all back in prison, but then I met Ron Lyle." Lyle was a convicted second-degree murderer who is now pursuing a promising heavyweight boxing career under Daniels' sponsorship. "The reason Ron has adjusted is that he's got a talent, something he knows he's good at and can dedicate himself to."

Daniels feels that his interest in ex-convicts is all a part of thinking conservatively and living liberally. Mangault puts it somewhat differently. "He and I only seen each other about three times, but he's about the most beautiful man I've ever met," says Earl. "With him you'd never be lost."

Five or six years ago Mangault was never lost when it came to basketball. On the Harlem playgrounds, where one-on-one is usually more important than the team and where reputations are made or lost on the swoosh of a reverse, two-hand dunk or the volleyball block of a jump shot, Mangault ranked above such stars as Lew Alcindor and Connie Hawkins, who were also playing in the school yards and public courts of Harlem at that time. It was Earl who dazzled on-lookers with his speed, his moves and his leaps, and he knocked them dead when, despite being only 6' 2", he would jump, dunk, catch his own shot as it came through the net and then dunk again, all on the same hovering vault.

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# - football

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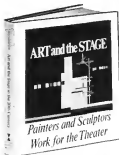
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In those years he proved he could play on a team as well. Manigault made All-New York City—an honor tougher to gain than all-state in most other areas of the country—while playing at Benjamin Franklin High School, a massive chunk of scarred masonry located on the same block as a reputed Mafia headquarters for numbers and narcotics in East Harlem. Manigault did not graduate from Franklin, but he subsequently received a diploma, which he says he did not deserve, from Launburg (N.C.) Institute, which he attended on a basketball scholarship. He went no farther.

"I was aware that other guys got college scholarships, but I didn't have the education, I wasn't smart enough," he says. "I just looked at basketball as something to do. I didn't think about it as a job. Later, after high school, when I had already lost my chance, when I was already hooked on the stuff, I finally thought of it."

Within a year after he completed school Manigault tried drugs for the first time. He did not bother easing into the scene. He simply shot heroin into his arm. "I just didn't have things I wanted," he says. "I was bored and I didn't know how to figure things out for myself. I'd get high, and then I wouldn't have to think. I'd wake up in the morning and I'd have to have a fix. I had to get high before I washed my face or put on my clothes. I lost a job I had because you can't work with a habit."

Finding that he could no longer jump and that he tired quickly, Manigault stopped playing basketball, and the true extent of his local esteem became apparent with chilling abruptness. "I know a lot of kids got on drugs because I did," he says. "I realized it then, but it was too late."

Inevitably, Manigault was arrested while stealing to finance his habit. In prison he found that his reputation had preceded him. "When I got there, guys would come up to me and ask what I was doing there, why wasn't I playing ball," he says. "Even guys in the other section sent me notes and told me I didn't belong there, that I should get into shape and get out."

After a year and a half of group therapy, of steering clear of the lifers and other hardened criminals who lived in the same cellblocks with addicts and of playing basketball in the prison yard, Manigault was paroled. For nine months

continued

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If your set is portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, your serviceman will come to your home. Just present your warranty registration card and RCA pays his repair bill.

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he worked in an Urban League program for addicts in Harlem and, he says, drugs never tempted him. "I'll stay off," he promises. "I've made up my mind. I've never done anything for myself. Now it's time for me to experience the good. I've given myself enough bad."

The most rigorous test of Manigault's cure came last week. When he arrived in Utah, he spoke optimistically of making the Stars, but it was clear immediately that he was going to fail. After five years without strong competition, to say nothing of two years of mainlining, much of what Earl once had was gone. Later he guessed that he had played at 75% of his best, but his estimate was probably high. His rebounding and defense were absent and, although there were brief glimpses of quickness on offense, his shot had lost its trajectory: even layups trickled around the rim and fell off. It was as if the old Earl Manigault had been only a fiction of playground idlers.

The Stars wanted to help. Though they had to cut him, they arranged a scholarship for Manigault at Snow College in Ephraim, Utah, and initially Earl seemed eager to accept it. Then a visit home to the streets and the playgrounds put the edge of defeat back into his voice. "I'm interested in school, but I know I'm not ready, I've been out too long," he said. Instead, he will keep a job he has had with the Urban League and play this winter in Harlem's Bowman League, where his teammates will be other fallen idols who were not quite good enough or smart enough to make it up the ladder toward the pros. There he hopes he will regain what he needs to make the Stars. Neither Bill Daniels nor Utah Assistant Coach Larry Cregar has given up. "Discipline is what I believe in," Daniels says. "The guy I don't like is the one who's lying in the park and figures the world owes him a living."

"If Earl had been picked up at 19 by a good basketball college," says Cregar, "he would have been an exceptional pro player. He still has the quickness, speed and body control."

"During cold turkey a lot of cats hung themselves or tried to," says Manigault. "I thought about it a little, but not much because I guess I didn't really want to die. That's how I feel about basketball now. I still love it. I never want to give it up again."

END

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Cone 

## Sheriff Coody interrupts the showdown at Firestone

There they were, showdowning it again. Supermex versus the Gringo Kid. Captain Appendectomy meets the Mod Blood, Healing Sear against Golden Bear. In short, another chapter in the continuing saga of Lee Trevino and Jack Nicklaus, head to head for supremacy on the golf course and, with their disparate life-styles, personalities and backswings constantly intruding, another sampling of delightful incongruity.

The occasion this time was the World Series of Golf, that venerable (What? It's only 10 years old?) institution of the video waves that seems to come along every September at Forest Hills just about halftime of the Grambling-Kansas City Chiefs game. Last week, it seemed, any armchair viewer with deft fingers could have watched Nicklaus hit a wedge into the hands of Otis Taylor, who scampers in for six over the outstretched backhand of Arthur Ashe just before Trevino dropped a four-footer for the extra point.

In truth, of course, Nicklaus hit too few accurate wedges and Trevino neglected to drop enough putts to keep their match from being anything like a U.S. Open repeat. While the two stars of the game were busy staring each other down, along came that old talking fool, Charles Coody, the pride of Abilene ("Prettiest town that I've ever seen"). Texas and Augusta, to steal off with the \$50,000 first prize by shooting a 68-73-141. He beat Nicklaus by a stroke, Bruce Crampton by two and an obviously rusty Trevino by five.

The World Series of Golf is a noteworthy event each autumn if only because it is as good a warning as there is to all of those concerned about the ultimate control television is gaining over sport. Golf, of course, was way ahead of Hollywood in introducing "Made for TV" dramas. First, there were those filmed matches in Yucatan and Samoa and places like that with Gene Sarazen interviewing the Abominable Snowman. Then, in 1962, the Firestone Country

Club and NBC decided to bring together the winners of the four major championships—the Masters, PGA, U.S. and British opens—and play a live 36-hole tournament in Akron.

Nobody will ever know whether the World Series would have been born if the winners of those titles that year had been named Winken, Blinken and Nod instead of Nicklaus, Palmer and Player. No matter. They were The Big Three at the time and most people assumed they would meet in the World Series forever. Though the triumvirate has a combined record of 13 appearances in the tournament since its beginning, 1962 was the first and last time they qualified together. Indeed, the World Series has had some slow moments of late due to a lack of glamour names—people such as Orville Moody and George Archer started winning major titles and showing up at Akron. Still, it can count on Nicklaus, who qualifies practically every year, and Palmer, who flies over from La-Trobe to walk down the fairways with marvelous metal TV things sticking out of his head. These enable him simultaneously to comment on the play and look like a character out of Sesame Street, Arnie Antenna, Big Bird might call him.

This year's World Series seemed perfectly planned for drama and high intrigue, with the cast a nice blend. Here was Nicklaus, the leading man who, hopeful of a Grand Slam at the beginning of the year, had won only the PGA despite brave efforts in the other big ones (he finished in the top five each time). Also Trevino, the character actor who had thrown a rubber snake at Nicklaus and then defeated him in their Open playoff at Merion, after which he took the Canadian and British opens within the month before succumbing to appendicitis.

And Coody, the tall Texan of whom Don Rickles once said, "He's O.K., if your dog died and you need a sheriff," but who is no joke with his long

continued

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## GOLF continued

itors and deadly short game. Finally Crampton, the dour Australian. The foreign-intrigue element, the villain. He is the man who qualified by winning the Western Open and who, in personality and disposition—according to some of his touring brethren—could give Attala the Hun two a side.

What would happen? Would Lee throw Jack a rubber snake in the rubber city? Would Lee throw Jack a cottonmouth, water-moccasin real snake? Would Jack struggle in the huge collar of one of his great new shirts? Would Coody bury the dog? Would Crampton eat everybody?

What actually took place was none of these, along with mostly unexciting golf. But the anticipation was always there. Nicklaus has played Firestone's "Monster" South Course impeccably since turning pro. In nine appearances in the American Golf Classic there he has been out of the top six only once and he has won the World Series Four of the six years he has played in it. In all, he has earned more than \$288,000 at Akron. And he wanted to win again, badly. "It's not a major event and it's not the money," he said. "It's just that I'm here. I have a better record than the others. I feel like I should win. And . . . I don't like to lose. Especially, I don't want to lose to Lee."

For his part, Trevino had worked hard on his game since his appendectomy. Supermex is hot after all sorts of medals, trophies, belts and year-end honors and he felt a win at Akron would "put the icing on the cake." Last week he kept asking about Vada Blue. "What's Blue don't now, what's he up to?" Lee would ask. "He's the only one close to me. He was way ahead, but his changeup hurts him. The cat's gone backwards now. If I can win me some money, the Mex has got the Vida."

At times during the two days, Nicklaus played as if he expected one of Trevino's snakes to come thrashing after him at any moment. Trevino himself looked as if he were swinging at a Vida Blue changeup. Though he birdied the first two holes on Saturday, he ran into difficulty and lost the fairway so regularly that one man in the gallery called out: "Hey look, it's Tree Levine."

If Trevino was never truly in contention, Nicklaus and Crampton were, right up to the final hole. After trailing Coody by three strokes the first day,

Nicklaus made an eagle to Coody's double bogey on the 2nd hole Sunday, and suddenly it was even. Two holes later he took the lead, but Coody was back in front again at the turn. Crampton kept pecking away and when he made birdies at 16 and 17, he was tied with Nicklaus, one stroke behind Coody. But the Masters champion, faced with a delicate wedge from the rough at 18, gunned it close like a sheriff should and claimed the \$50,000 reward.

Yet it was not Coody's win but an incident on the 13th hole on Saturday that somehow epitomized this World Series.

Television instructs the players to wear the same colors each day—for spotting purposes—including Friday when they run through a practice round; "rehearsal" to the TV people. At that time stop-watches are used, interviews are conducted and everything is turned out just so. On Saturday, however, at the 13th hole, just as Trevino was addressing a wedge shot, Don Higley, the TV coordinator whose job it is to keep track of the pace of the play and to communicate with the NBC "men in the booth" by walkie-talkie, suddenly ran at Trevino calling to him to "stop, stop, we're not on the air." Lee backed off the ball and slammed down his wedge in disgust. When the cameras were ready, Trevino half-shanked the shot and bogeyed the hole.

NBC later explained that Higley's instructions, garbled in the transmission, were to wait for Trevino to hit and then to hold up the other players for a station break. It is doubtful whether the interruption had as much bearing on his score as Lee insisted ("I didn't hit another good shot the rest of the way"). But Higley's frantic manner in commanding the golfers when to hit and, especially, his attitude in analyzing the incident later left much to be desired.

Lee Trevino acknowledged that "without TV we'd all be on vacation. I'd be willing to wait anytime but I was just about to pull the trigger. After all, this is still a golf tournament. Isn't my game the most important thing there?"

"No," said Higley, when asked the same question later. "I had to weigh the risk of upsetting all of Lee's TV fans who would miss the shot or risk upsetting Lee. The decision was important. Maybe I chose wrong."

Obviously so. Then again, what does Tree Levine know? **END**



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## Aiming the gun of Bill August

THE two bridge stars whose names are most often confused surely must be Bill August of Springfield, Mass. and Harold Ogust of New York City. To add to the patronymic confusion, each is the inventor of a bidding convention. Ogust, who at 54 is 10 years older than August, has won more major tournaments and, as a result of his competitive fame, his convention has been more widely used. But Bill's convention might be equally popular if it were to become as well known.

The Ogust convention is most frequently used by tournament players who employ "weak" two-bids to show a hand that includes a good six-card suit but contains less than 13 high-card points. Under this convention, the only forcing bid available to the partner of the weak two-bidder is a response of two no trump; any other response may be passed. If his partner has the values to respond with a forcing two no trump, the opener next shows whether his original bid was of the maximum or minimum variety.

August's convention, a two-diamond response to an opening bid of one no trump, comes into play when the responder holds two five-card majors. It may be used whether the responder's hand is weak or strong. The opener is then required to show his better major, even if that suit consists of only three cards. Once the trump suit has been named, the responder may elect to pass if his holding is weak or, with a good hand, he can continue on toward game or slam, having the added assurance that the opening lead will come up to—and not through—his partner's no-trump hand. The advantage of the August convention was demonstrated with remarkable effectiveness on a hand (see right) from a recent team game.

Following the August two-diamond response to his opening no trump, South

rebid hearts, the stronger of his three-card majors. North jumped to four no trump—the Blackwood convention—locating two aces in his partner's hand, then bid the small slam. With South as declarer, there was no way to beat the contract. Dummy's king won the opening club lead and, after drawing trumps, South cashed the ace-queen of clubs, discarding dummy's two losing diamonds. In the end, South added an overtrick by guessing the right way to finesse the queen of spades.

Not that the overtrick was needed. At the other table, where the August convention was not in use, North became the declarer. East led the queen of diamonds and the defenders collected the first two tricks to defeat the slam before North could so much as draw a breath of hope.

Note that with South as declarer, the defense cannot prevail even if West

*Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer*

**NORTH**  
 ♠ A 7 4 2  
 ♥ K Q 9 5 4  
 ♦ 4 2  
 ♣ K

**WEST**  
 ♠ 9 5  
 ♥ 10 8 3  
 ♦ A 8 6 5  
 ♣ J 10 9 7

**SOUTH**  
 ♠ K 10 3  
 ♥ A J 6  
 ♦ K 9 7 3  
 ♣ A Q 2

<b>SOUTH</b>	<b>WEST</b>	<b>NORTH</b>	<b>EAST</b>
1NT	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♥	PASS	4NT	PASS
3♥	PASS	6♥	PASS

*Opening lead: jack of clubs*

chooses to lead the ace of diamonds. Whether or not West continues diamonds, the king eventually will win the second round of the suit and declarer can establish his 9 of diamonds by ruffing a third round in dummy. The diamond 9 plus the ace-queen of clubs will then provide three spade discards from dummy and eliminate the need for a spade finesse.

Like many other conventions, August's big gun cannot be lumbered into action too often. But it has the virtue of simplicity; it is easy to remember and basic in the execution. Such conventions are valuable additions to even the neighborhood bridge player's game. Why not try a little August the year round. **END**



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*Tim Rossovich of the Philadelphia Eagles wants to be the best linebacker in the NFL. Great, but why does that entail jumping naked into birthday cakes and setting himself on fire?*

# HE'S BURNING TO BE A SUCCESS

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

He had the aerosol can in his hand, and the shaving lather billowed out, and when he began to apply it to his face, a familiar, fundamental impulse stirred within him—the possibilities seemed enormous—and he began to spray the lather around, spraaaaahhh, over his forehead and across his chest, and then down his arms and over the length and breadth of his 6'4", 245-pound naked body. And before the Earth had turned much farther, he had made of himself a pillar of wimic frosting, awesome to behold. And he looked in the mirror and saw that it was good. And because this was not something he would want to keep to himself, he ran outside the Sigma Chi house, at the University of Southern California, and down the street. And the cars on Figueroa Avenue bucked and jerked at the sight of him gliding among them. And as he turned and ran back, nooting froth, Tim Rossovich chuckled madd, and he knew that he had done it again, and he was pleased

The party was in an apartment at the Penn Towers in Philadelphia. The host's name was Steve Sabol. Not many seasons ago, when he was a fullback at Colorado College, Sabol called himself Sudden Death Sabol and sent out largely fanciful publicity releases on himself (SI, Nov. 22, 1965). Now he is executive vice-president of NFL Films, Inc., where his imagination is paying off at last, and he has become latterly famous for his free-form parties. The doorbell rang, and when the door was opened a man with a Fu Manchu mustache and an immense hedge of curly hair the texture of pork rinds stood in flames. Ablaze. On fire. Guests cried out in horror. "Oh, God, he's . . ." "Somebody do something!" The flaming man walked into the room, where Sabol and a guest knocked him to the floor and began beating him with blankets. The flames extinguished, Tim Rossovich got to his feet,

*continued*





looked casually around the room, said, "Sorry, I must have the wrong apartment," and walked out.

The lounge is on the Philadelphia Main Line, and he has become well known there. On his first visit he wore a sleeveless shirt with a big decal of a rose on the front, crushed vinyl shoes and a pair of vinyl pants with a sash. When the man at the door asked to see his I.D. card, Tim Rossovich bent over and bit him on the head. This night he had a cast on his arm, and he explained that he had broken the arm at the Philadelphia Eagles' practice that afternoon. The regulars commiserated with him, and soon they were discussing some minor point of football. Apparently incensed by what was being said, Rossovich began shouting and pounding on the bar with the arm on which he wore the cast. He swung it wildly about, striking and breaking a chair. He pounded it on the bar again. The cast splintered and began to disintegrate. Pieces of plaster fluttered silently down like snowflakes. The lounge grew quiet. Everybody was looking, stunned, at the exposed arm. Rossovich held it up, his face expressive of an epiphany. "I'm cured!" he yelled.

The stories are told—in locker rooms, at bowling lanes, over long-distance phones—by almost anyone who knows or has ever met Tim Rossovich and by Rossovich himself. Only those who feel insecure around him, like coaches who think his life-style is a threat to the Republic, try to keep his wondrous light under a bushel. Tim Rossovich eats light bulbs. He wears tie-dyed shirts and shower-of-hail suits, Dracula capes and frontier buckskins and stands on his head in hotel lobbies. Sometimes when he stands on his head his head is in a bucket of water.

The stories are endless. Tim Rossovich

had this motorbike. He drove it onto a pier. He drove it off the pier. Splash! Tim Rossovich had this car. It was one of many cars that suffered beyond repair at his hand. He drove the fellows in the car to a pub to get a beer. In order to stop the car, he drove it into the wall of the pub. Crash! Tim Rossovich was sitting at a table where the conversation lagged. He was smoking a cigarette. Suddenly he was not smoking the cigarette. He was eating it. Chomp! Tim Rossovich was opening a bottle of beer. He was opening it with his teeth. Actually, he was having a bottle-opening contest with Mike Ditka, the tight end. It was no contest. Tim Rossovich had opened 100 bottles to Ditka's three when he began to drink the beer. Then he began to eat the beer glass. Crack! Crunch! Mike Ditka withdrew from the contest.

Tim Rossovich was at a birthday party. He was bored. Beneath the slack, so-feyed countenance the drumbeat started, swelled, stirred him. *Do something, Timmy.* He began to pace. He excused himself. He went into the bathroom, took off his clothes and with a mighty croak came leaping into the living room like a great bronze frog, did a ponderous flip and landed bare, uh, back in the birthday cake. Slump!

The chronology of these events is unimportant. The perils of Tim Rossovich have a way of repeating themselves anyway. (Was it at the fraternity meeting at USC that he stood up to make a speech, spread his arms, opened his mouth and the sparrow flew out? Or was it at a team meeting of the Philadelphia Eagles? Probably both.) It is enough to say, in introduction, that Tim Rossovich was an All-America defensive end at USC, where he was famous for falling off sorority house rooftops, and is now on his way to becoming an All-Pro middle linebacker for the Philadelphia Eagles, where he is known to have made death-defying leaps into the whirlpool tank in the training room. The whirlpool tank is roughly the size of a washing machine. Witnesses say it is a very hairy stunt indeed when the tank

happens to be already occupied. Squish!

His friends in Southern California, where Rossovich lives in the off season, told him there was no such place as Philadelphia when he went east as a rookie three years ago, but they were confident that if there were he would put it on the map. Ron Medved, the Eagle defensive back, says that once you have experienced Tim Rossovich you can never forget him, that his (Medved's) 4-year-old son can pick him out of a program every time, squealing, "Rosso! Rosso!" Rossovich took the Medveds to Disneyland. He rode every ride. Three times he went through the haunted house, scaring people. "They thought he was part of the act," says Medved. "I've got a picture of him on the merry-go-round. What an expression! You never saw a guy having such a good time."

Medved recounts this conversation he had with Don Meredith, the TV announcer and reformed quarterback, in a shower: "Is it true," began Meredith, "that Rossovich—"

"It's true," said Medved, "and more."

"But listen," said Meredith, "did he really—"

"Whatever you've heard about Ross is true," said Medved.

"I'll be damned," said Meredith, and shook his wet head.

Rossovich is the first to admit that his reputation may have escalated in recent years. "Little things," he says modestly, "are built up to be greater than they are." But he does not deny any of it. Whenever the credibility of this episode or that is strained, it is usually a matter of mistaken locale. If it did not happen in one place, it probably did (or will eventually) in another. Rossovich says he is more subdued now than he used to be. As a star football player with responsibilities, including a wife and daughter, he says he is more mature. He sets fire to himself less frequently than you would think. "It is not something you do every day," he says.

On the other hand, Steve Sabol will tell you that Rossovich is actually expanding as a personality. Last spring Sabol tried to compress the essential Ros-

sovich into a 25-minute film for national television. It so happens that Sabol has more than just a passing put-out-the-fire interest in him. He and Rossovich and Gary Pettigrew, the Eagle defensive tackle, have shared apartments in Philadelphia, charring the walls. Sabol has become Rosso's "second," always arriving in the nick of time to put out the fire. He found in Rossovich a kindred spirit, a character he could appreciate, there being still left in Sabol a lot of Sudden Death. ("One thing I can't stand," Sabol once said, "is not being noticed.") He enjoys talking about Rossovich almost as much as he used to enjoy talking about himself. He liked the cut of Rosso's tie-dyed clothes, his Emperor Ming glasses, his Aladdin shoes with bells on the toes. He also saw in Rossovich the football player he could only fantasize being at Colorado College—big, tough, talented.

Sabol said he decided on Rossovich for the TV show because of these things and because he felt Dave Meggysy, the pro football dropout, had taken a cheap shot at the game in his book *Out of Their League*, and he wanted to make a film about a "contemporary guy—a guy with long hair who did far-out things but who was a believer in football and didn't think like Meggysy." Some owners, he says, objected to the format. They were fearful of the image. "I told them what I had—Rosso on Manhattan Beach in California, leaping around, imitating a flamingo and making psychedelic candles in the sand. 'Psychedelic' scared 'em. I had to explain that these were candles, that Tim wasn't going to trip out on camera or anything. Some of them still didn't take it too well. What I needed was more than 25 minutes. I needed a couple hours."

The show was called *The New Breed*, but what it depicted in Rossovich was a breed apart. Credit Sabol. The Rossovich he portrayed (discovered!) was more than just a pretty flake. He was actually three Tim Rossoviches residing cooperatively in the large, sculptured Rossovich superstructure, which is topped by that singular Slavic head. (It has been

pointed out that Rossovich is three-quarters Italian, and Yugoslav from the neck up.) These things saw Sabol:

Rossovich the football player is at all times fearsome. When he hits the tackling sled he drives it into the ground, punches it, kicks it. He literally throws himself at running backs, and into pile-ups. ("Ferocious," says Sabol admiringly.) He gets into fights on the field because he will not let up. He fights not only the opposition but his own teammates. Medved says Rossovich always has the offensive players teed off because to him there is no such thing as a dummy scrimmage. He goes 30 yards out of his way to get a lick in. Rossovich himself says he has fought them all—all the Eagle offensive linemen at practice at one time or another—but is at peace with them afterward because they cannot stay mad long at someone so adorable, and they know down deep he really loves them.

And not only is he very fierce, Sabol showed, but he is also very good. Against the Atlanta Falcons last fall Rossovich made six tackles in a row, and the film showed him to be a leader who exhorted his teammates ("Hey, that's a rip-off, man!" "Far out!" "That's dynamite!") and called his virulent intentions across the line of scrimmage: "I love you, man, but I gotta wipe you out!" The film showed him wiping men out.

The second part of Rossovich is even dearer to Sabol's heart. "Some guys play with abandon," he says. "Rosso lives with abandon. People turn him on. When the organ grinder goes, he goes. He'll do anything. He puts things in his mouth I wouldn't put in my hand. He was going to have a footrace with this guy. To get ready he drank a quart of motor oil. I didn't see it, but it must have been awful. He likes to 'hang out.' We do that a lot around Philadelphia, hang out. We were hanging out at Rittenhouse Square, where they were having a concert. He saw this big box a guy had

taken a tuba out of. He dragged it out into the middle of Walnut Street, crawled inside and curled up. People stopped and looked in. 'How are you?' he said. 'I'm Tim Rossovich.' 'What are you doing in there, Tim?' 'Well, we had a tough practice today and I'm relaxing.'"

Sabol warms to the subject. His memory races with figments of Tim Rossovich in action, doing brain-rattling things, exhibiting cosmic insight.

"His life-style is beautiful. He sleeps four hours a night. On the floor. You think of someone sleeping, you think of them on their side or on their back. He sleeps face down, like a man ready for artificial respiration. He always points his head north, he says, so the magnetic waves can run through and revitalize him. The maid came in and found him lying there one morning, naked, face down. She thought he was dead."

When the Rossovich-Sabol-Pettigrew triumvirate lived together, Rossovich played Christmas carols "so loud you could hear them on the 12th floor. We lived on the 24th floor. He loves Christmas carols. He plays them in September. He has this great look. He doesn't walk, he *slides*. He has this thing about fragrances. He covers himself with body lotions. He was hooked on patchouli oil for a while. It made him smell like a cedar closet."

Sabol admires the terrific diversity in Rossovich's wardrobe. They try to dress in periods—Frontier Period, Cosmic Period and so forth. When they were going through their Rain-Dance Period, Rossovich carried a wand around. Sabol went with him one night when he was invited to talk to a Sun Oil group. "What do I say?" he asked Sabol. "What do I wear?" Sabol told him these were business executives. Sabol wore a suit. Rossovich wore overalls that said "Unidentified Flying Object" on the front, an electric tie-dyed shirt and shades. But he communicated. Somebody in the group asked him what the middle linebacker says in the defensive huddle. He turned his back, like an impersonator preparing an impression, and when he turned around he wore a savage look,

*continues*



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and he shouted, "All right, let's go out there and knock their duffs off!"

"They loved him," says Sabol.

"Tim can imitate anything. He watches shows like *Megilla Gorilla* on television, and he can imitate them all, all the *Creature Features*. His favorite book is the *Gulbess Book of World Records*. He says it's important to know what's biggest and best if you want to be the best. He wants to be the best middle linebacker in pro football. I ride him about it. I tell him he can't be as long as Dick Butkus is alive."

Sabol brought home a five-minute short that NFL Films made on Butkus, the one ministers and Boy Scout leaders objected to. Butkus tells in this film how he would like to knock somebody's head off and see it roll away. Rossovich loves it. He and Pettigrew look at it eight or nine times a week. "We put it on," said Sabol, "and some Rimsky-Korsakov on the stereo or *Carmen*, the march of the Toreadors, and have a little wine, and it's like a light show. Rosso had the defensive team in to watch it the day they played the Giants last year. Made 'em watch it three times. The Giants were fated. They lost 23-20."

But it is the third Rossovich that was Sabol's special discovery. The third Rossovich was revealed to be a serious, articulate, sensitive young man who could offer in a breath a reasonable defense for his generation's preoccupation with its hair and at the same time his own keen appreciation of disciplines and values of football. If the positions seem irreconcilable, Rossovich did not find them so. He said he would love to have had a football coach like General Patton. "Patton would have been the greatest football coach," he said. He recited verbatim from the opening monologue of the movie *Patton*. He said making a tackle was a creative thing, that each

man did it in his own style. He likened Burkus' to that of an ape. His, he said, was more cobra-like.

He said at the same time that at least some of his actions were attributable to his distaste for the stereotyped, slab-of-meat football player, and if he looked the way he did and impressed kids who identified with him that he was doing something positive, something meaningful, that would be worthwhile.

Sabol calls Rossovich a mind field which has lain fallow for years and is only now bursting into bloom. He cites a newly developed affinity for nature, Rossovich's "interest in organic foods, herbs and stuff," his vow to take up gardening. "He looks at the ocean and it's like taking vitamins," says Sabol. "Now he wants to study macramé, and he makes those candles. They're really beautiful." Off the field, says Sabol, Rossovich is so gentle you wouldn't believe it. "Everybody's scared of what he might do next, but he's never malicious. He's like a wildflower that waits at the first breath of hot air. He'll turn from a fight like a little kid."

None of these characterizations came as a real surprise to the coaches who had Rossovich at Southern Cal. They often speak of him.

"Ah, old Timbo," said John McKay, the USC head coach, not long ago, shaking his head and smiling knowingly.

"A big puppy dog," said Assistant Coach Craig Fertig, shaking his head and smiling.

"A big boy, an intelligent boy, but above all, a mean boy," said McKay fondly.

"A very high threshold of pain," said Assistant Coach Mary Goux.

Goux said he had recruited Rossovich and had fallen in love with the Rossovich family, which lived a mile from the Stanford campus in Palo Alto. He said there were two other brothers and two sisters, and the parents were "the

sweetest, straightest people you'd ever want to meet." Tim's grandfather on his mother's side had come over from Italy as a boy of 13 on the boat by himself. His father was a first-generation American success story: up from nothing to his own business, a fish and poultry market; he had also made profitable investments. His parents told Goux that Tim had been a very easy boy to raise, with only a few enlivening incidents, such as the time, at 10, he went through the windshield of a car and landed in the back seat and the day he rode his bicycle off the 12th row of the bleachers at the high school stadium. Goux said he became Tim's father confessor and kept the Rossovichs abreast of Tim's visits to the dean's office.

"Timbo actually was a very good student," said Goux. "He graduated with his class or a semester after. And he never, never cut corners on the football field. He was a leader. His senior year for us was a great year for him. Against Notre Dame he was fantastic. He blocked three passes at the line of scrimmage, forced a fumble on our three-yard line."

"But off the field, a big puppy dog," said Fertig. "You see a picture of a group up to something and there he is in the background, that great face gazing over the heads of the others."

Goux said he would never forget the scene in the Student Union Building when Tim had to appear before a student-faculty discipline committee to explain some of his actions. "There he sat, in the middle of this panel of guys in horn-rimmed glasses, them waving their fingers at him and him very contrite, very apologetic, promising to behave."

Fertig said they knew Rossovich was no ordinary anomaly when as a freshman he put dents in all the lockers by ramming them with his head.

"He was trying to prove a point," said Goux, as if to explain a natural chain of events. He said it began the summer before, when Rossovich was swinging on a rope over and into the Russian River near Palo Alto, competing with

friends for a \$40 pot. The object was to see who had the guts to land nearest a rock cliff. Rossovich assured himself of victory by crashing flush into the rocks. He said he knew he couldn't get any closer than that. But in triumph he sleed up his elbows, and a few days later when he dived into a contaminated fish pond at a USC fraternity party he developed an infection. He went into a coma. For four days he was incoherent. In the hospital he threw chairs and smashed a television set. The doctors told him to lay off football for eight weeks.

But when Rossovich got out of the hospital he pronounced himself ready to go. To prove it to Goux, he ran across the training room and banged head first into a locker. "See? I'm fine," he said. "I see, but the doctors say no," said Goux. The scene was repeated almost every day after that, Rossovich ramming home his point, Goux wincing but unyielding. No locker was safe.

Over the succeeding years, Goux said, he became especially fond of Rossovich. He used to drop by the house Rossovich and a friend rented their senior year. There was always a wrecked car out front, he said, and a keg of beer inside, and sawdust on the floor for the fake fights they staged. "They were really artistic," said Goux, "bodies hurtling around and bouncing off the walls."

Goux took a visitor on an automobile tour of Rossovich's former haunts: the Sigma Chi house where he had eaten many a glass, the various buildings he had fallen off of. Goux stopped when he came to a one-story frame house on University Avenue, just off fraternity row. The house appeared to be falling apart. The shingles hung like dead leaves. Grass and weeds grew all around. A piece of an automobile lay in the yard. There was a sign, scrawled in red, nailed to the front porch: CURE VAGINITY.

"It's the same as when Tammy lived there," said Goux. "Exactly the same."

"Ah, that Tambo," said Craig Fertig. "He was a legend."

"He was already a legend when I met him," said Mikey (for Michel) Rosso-

*continued*



vich, "and he was only a sophomore then. My girl friends were shocked when I told them we were engaged. They said, 'You must be crazy!' They said, 'Don't do it!'"

Smiling, she passed around glasses of iced tea in the living room of the Rossovich home in Manhattan Beach—a leggy, striking brunette in bare feet and short shorts and a T shirt. Two-year-old Jamie Rossovich sat in the middle of the orange-on-orange rug, engaging in her own exclusive conversation. Tim Rossovich sat on the big billowy sofa, dressed only in green shorts with PHILADELPHIA EAGLES embroidered in an arc on the left leg. He said it was his California uniform. His hair, down to his shoulders, was parted in the middle, and he stroked it with both hands. Stephen Stills blared on the stereo and a parrot named Pancho made clicking noises as he chewed a newspaper in his cage.

"I think a lot of it was jealousy because he did things other people only dream of doing," said Mikey. "Some of the things he got blamed for weren't even his fault, but he had a reputation, and he was a little impulsive."

Impulsive?

"He jumped out the window of my sorority house one night. He wasn't supposed to be there, of course, and he heard the security guards were coming. Ran right through the room where my sorority mother, Clemmie, was playing cards and dived head first out the window. The room was on the second floor. I don't think Clemmie even looked up. She knew him pretty well. He'd done \$200 worth of damage to a brick wall out front driving in to see me one night."

"I missed the turn," said Rossovich.

"I came running into Clemmie's room looking for him. 'Where's Timmy?' I said. Clemmie pointed to the window and kept on playing cards."

"I landed in a tree," said Rossovich. "Put a hole in my leg. Here." He pointed to a purple mound on his left leg. There were other scars.

"It was a bad week for me," he added. "I fell off two roofs and set fire to myself jumping over a car."

Jumping over a car?

"Well, we used to set fire to cars. We'd buy these old cars for \$25, Mike Battle [who played for the Jets] and a few of us, and we'd set 'em on fire or we'd drive one to a big intersection and everybody would jump out and pound it with sledgehammers and saws and things. Sigma Chi was a crazy house. We used to collect bottles in a truck and go back to the house and have bottle fights in the halls. Always seemed to be about six inches of broken glass on the floor and two or three guys at the health center getting stitched up. We were like gunfighters. Every new guy comes to town has to make a challenge. We had a guy announce he was going to sleep for two weeks straight. He did it, too. He woke up just to eat and go to the bathroom."

What about falling off roofs?

"Somebody was always walking around somebody's roof. One guy used to dress up all in black with a clerical collar, and he'd take a bottle of Southern Comfort up on the roof and preach all night. I fell off the third story of the SAE house on my back on a concrete walk. I don't remember exactly why I was up there. My elbow dug into the ground next to the concrete and broke my fall. I was lucky."

Sigma Chi was eventually put on social probation for a number of reasons, Rossovich said, including filling the elevator of the Manix Hotel with water ("when the door opened, swoosh, into the lobby") and piling furniture in the living room of the Theta Chi house and for kissing a passing female motorist, a Mrs. LaFranch, against her wishes.

Rossovich said he had been a party to most, but not all, of these activities. He said the school authorities were aware of his tendencies. He had got to know

the dean of men. He said they had been introduced his freshman year, when he walked out onto an eight-inch ledge at the dormitory and stood there. Naked. In broad daylight. He had just come out of the shower, he said.

Why did he do it? the dean asked.

"It was a windy day," said Rossovich.

"It seemed like a good way to dry off."

Rossovich's house in Manhattan Beach is two blocks from the beach, where he sometimes runs with Adrian Young, an Irish-born Eagle linebacker who has been his close friend since their playing days at USC. The Rossovichs socialize with the Youngs and communicate on the same wavelength. Adrian's wife Pamela once meditated 13 hours straight in the basic yoga position. They also play volleyball on the beach, and Tim makes his candles there, and often, he says, he just goes there to think.

"The sea is just so big, so massive," he said, lounging on the sofa. "I can go there and feel so at peace. When I can't solve things I go there and when I've had a fight with my wife or something. I think, 'What am I going to do with my life? With myself? I haven't decided everything. I'd like to have \$100,000 in the bank just like anybody else, but to have enough for the things I want is all I really care about. I'd like to contribute something. Adrian and I are going to open a boys' camp at my folks' ranch in Grass Valley. Give kids a chance to see nature, a place where they can throw a pass in the morning and milk a cow in the afternoon."

Rossovich drained his tea glass and jiggled the ice around.

"I have goals. I strive every day to achieve my goals. Some things are out of reach. I'll probably die first. One goal I have is to be completely at peace, to have the kind of peace—like in the movie about Shangri-la."

"Lost Horizon?"

"Yeah, with Ronald Colman. I saw that movie on the Late Show the other night. Wouldn't that be wonderful? To live 300 or 400 years and be completely at peace?"

Rossovich was up from the sofa, pac-

continued



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"I live my life to enjoy myself. I can't explain things I do much beyond that. I have more energy than I know what to do with. I can't sit around. I get bored. A lot of what I do is silly, trying to cheer other people up, to cheer myself up. To be funny. To get attention. That's probably the best reason, to get attention."

His visitor said he had only heard of people eating glass, that he'd never seen it done. Rosavich took the empty tea glass and bit down through the lip. The glass shattered. Faint pulverizing noises could be heard as he chewed on it perfunctorily. Mikey screamed. "Timmy! I've been saving those glasses!"

"I'm willing to experience things," said Rosavich. "People should be willing to experience as much as they can. People should be able to do what they want without being concerned what others might think. If everything is right, if you are at peace with yourself, you shouldn't have to hassle others. Problems are caused by people not being willing to understand each other. No one listens. The son doesn't listen to his father, the father doesn't listen to his son. I think we're fortunate to have a good rapport on the Eagles. Some guys are maybe 10, 12 years older, really veterans, but we talk all the time. I had a talk with Jerry Williams [the Eagles' head coach] about my hair. He listened. He didn't agree, but he listened."

"I respect authority. I've never been fined for anything. My objective is to be a good football player, not make waves. So I'll get my hair cut." He felt his hair. "Some of it. The hair will grow back, the money won't. I'm subdued now, just thinking about it."

He sat down on the couch, subdued.

"I don't know who set the 'image' of football, but I don't think there should

be an image. It shouldn't matter that a guy wears a brown shirt with a brown tie or his hair long. What matters is what you say and do. All long-haired people don't protest and blow up buildings. I don't think a guy in the stands should be able to say, 'That player's got a crew cut. He must be good.'

"Meggers was wrong to knock football. Some things are dehumanizing, the childish way you're treated, but that's no reason to knock football. Everything about football can make you a better person. Teach you to react better to crises. Teach you responsibility. To be level-headed. To make split-second decisions."

"It is brutal at times, of course, but that's part of it. I'm more physical than I should be, but it's a physical game. I like to hit people when I'm on the field. If I can't make the tackle, I turn around and knock somebody down. I see somebody loafing and I bring it to his attention by knocking him down. He's the enemy. Hit the enemy. That's what it's all about. Next time he'll be more alert."

"I used to like the specialty teams for that reason. A lot of hitting goes on on a kickoff. You can get some good licks in. The harder I hit people the better I like it. When you hit a guy and he hits the ground hard, and his eyeballs roll, and you see it, and he looks up at you and knows you see it, then you've conquered him. It's a great feeling. I would love to do that, to put the quarterback, the halfback and the split end out of a game. Just the game, not the season. They have families, too. But I wouldn't feel guilty about that."

"But I don't go out there just to beat up a guy. I play to get respect, for myself, because you have to believe in yourself. And for the respect of my teammates. I have great respect for them. I don't know if my teammates love and respect me as much as I do them, but I want them to feel I put out for them."

"For me to hear a teammate say, 'Good job,' is more important than fans yelling or sportswriters writing about me. They don't realize what you do for a team. You break your fingers. You bleed. That's the thing about football that Meg-

gyesly missed, the thing about working together, being together.

"I think a lot about the game. Anything that's physical, that you can excel at, can give you more excitement than anything. More than if you've closed a big deal or made a killing in the stock market. Physical victory over anything is so satisfying. A guy who makes a million dollars, a big businessman, will idolize somebody like a football player. The guy's richer, smarter, can do more things, but there he is asking the football player for an autograph. It embarrasses me because they shouldn't feel that way, but they do. It's football. Meggysy writes about it, but he didn't really get it. And all he did was change his field. He's still competing in a cutthroat game. He's competing now with other hook sellers.

"I said I had goals. My basic goal right now I think is achievable. I want to be the best middle linebacker in pro football. If I worked hard at it, played as hard as I could, did everything possible and still wasn't considered the best, I would be at least partially content knowing I did all I could. But there would always be that doubt—did I go far enough? Maybe I'll never know."

Mikey brought in another round of iced tea and cautioned him to keep his teeth to himself. She said she was making beef Bourguignon for dinner, the Youngs were invited, and she needed money to get wine. She said her personal preference was that Tim eat it a little shorter, so that it stood out around his head rather than hanging like sausages.

Tim made a face and swore. When she had gone he was quiet for a while. Then he said, "We're thinking about adopting a child. You know, there are a lot of kids in this world without homes."

The Philadelphia Eagles' training camp at Albright College in Reading, Pa. is like football training camps everywhere. The players live in a college dormitory (neat, cramped rooms), eat in a college cafeteria (nutritious food bereft of flavor), practice on an adequate small-college field and at night sample the inad-

equite small-town night life. The place the Eagles tend to go in Reading is a bowling alley called Heister Lanes, which has a lounge and, most evenings, a group of musicians.

Tim Rossovich is a regular at Heister's. He is, apart from the group, the only real attraction. He can usually be found hovering by the cigarette machine, a beer in his hand and a contemplative look on his face, watching, watching. One night a group of schoolteachers came in and took three tables. Rossovich, lingering nearby, watched as they had the tables shoved together. Then, when they were seated and conversing, he glided over and fell full-length across the tables, face up, and announced, "Do whatever you want to me, ladies."

Rossovich is the most popular Eagle. Photographers hound him. Kids with autograph books chase him. Grown-ups sit in the sun behind the ropes at Albright Field and scan the roster sheets looking for his number. "Which one is Rossovich?" "I gotta see Rossovich."

He is not hard to find. He is the one who seems always to do things out of tune, as though an ordinary push-up or a sit-up or a run through the ropes had undiscovered facets. Coaches do not object to this because he is not malingering. His enthusiasm, if unorthodox, is genuine. Jerry Williams believes Rossovich "would practice all day and night if I wanted him to." Williams converted him from defensive end to middle linebacker last fall. Rossovich said it was like a tonic, the change, "like an offensive guard being told he was going to play quarterback." He threw himself into the job. Literally, of course.

Otherwise, his coaches would just as soon not talk about Rossovich, as though to admit knowing too much would somehow discredit the game. They adopt a kind of "exactly which freak are you talking about?" tone. "No, I wouldn't know about that." "No, I never saw him do that, I don't really pay that much attention." "Well, yes, I suppose you would say he's a character, but you know how rumors are." They cannot always ignore him, though. At lunch in the din-

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ing hall the other day he leaped up from the table with a letter he had been reading, held it up and shouted, "Sexual distraction! Sexual distraction!" Then he grinned and disappeared. At those times there is nothing to do but laugh with everybody else.

Both Rossovich and Young, after some soul-searching, reported to camp this fall with less hair and found that Williams wasn't going to let them room together again. There was still plenty of hair left to be admired, but Young, who had grown a bumper crop touring Europe in the summer, felt especially bereft. "Adrian's the serious type," says Rossovich.

They both have their hair cut by a blonde named Cissie who works in a bikini in the bathroom of a house in Reading. Not long ago Rossovich sat on the edge of the bathtub below a sign on the wall that said "BATHROOM" as Cissie trimmed Young's hair for the second time. The first trim had not quite satisfied Williams.

"At least it's out in the open now," said Young testily. "It's a dictatorship. I can accept it this way. No more pussyfooting around, saying, 'Hair is irrelevant.' But this business of changing roommates..."

Cissie said she hated to cut Adrian's hair, it was just so nice. She snipped at it gingerly. With each strand that fell to the bathroom floor, Rossovich let out a moan.

"Surgery," he said. "Major surgery. This is hurting me more than it hurts you, Adrian."

Cissie said she had cut six ounces of hair off Rossovich's head a few days before. It was traumatic, she said. She raked it up and put it in a bag. Rossovich said he was going to fashion it into a scalp and wear it on his belt.

"What I really wanted to do once

continued

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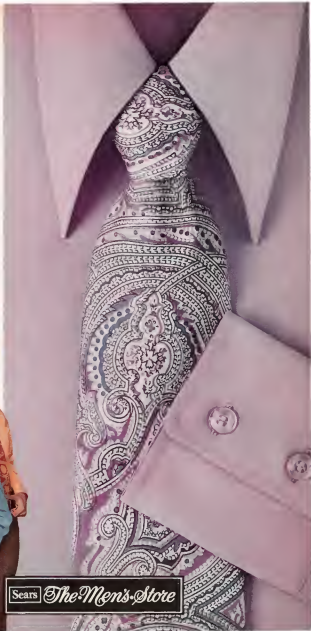
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they made us cut it off was cut it off off," he said. He said he had a beautiful new, light, velvet tie-dyed monk's robe with a hood, and that he was going to spring it on the dining room some night, and it was going to be dynamite. He would come into the dining room, the cape on and the hood up, all huddled over like a supplicant. Then at the right moment he would whip off the hood and reveal—a polished bald head! Cissie had put the damper on it. After exploring the scalp beneath that beautiful crowd of curls Rossovoich calls his "Jewish natural," she discovered that he had a head only a mother could love. "It comes to a point," she said.

Rossovoich took a visitor up to his dormitory room to show him the new cape. Adrian went down the hall to his room to read his mail. Rossovoich's new roommate, he said, was one of the more conservative guys on the team, a soft-spoken nine-year veteran lineman named Don Hultz who is a Tennessee deputy sheriff in the off season. Hultz wears his blond hair close-cropped. He gives off an aura of wholesomeness. Young's new roommate, Guard Jim Skaggs, is similarly conservative. "I think they want us all to rub off on one another," said Young. (Coaches never stop trying.) He said the first night Rossovoich went to his room there was a Bible on the bed.

Rossovoich showed his visitor the new cape. Hultz was lying on his bed reading a magazine as Rossovoich modeled it, prancing around, swirling the cape.

"How do you like your new roommate, Don?" Hultz was asked.

"Well, I heard a lot of bad things about him," said Hultz, "but so far he seems to be all right."

"I really haven't warmed up to this camp yet," said Rossovoich ominously. Hultz looked up from his magazine, not

quite sure how to interpret the remark.

Young was in the room now. He began basting Hultz. "What would you do in your town if I were to drop in with my hair looking like this?" he asked. "Would you arrest me?"

"You'd be a suspect," said Hultz, grinning.

"What if we were both there, me and Tim, and you caught us talking to a 16-year-old girl?"

"You'd be watched very closely," said Hultz.

"Ah, bull, Don, knock it off, will you?" said Young. They laughed, Hultz with less feeling than the others.

Over at his bureau, Rossovoich was going through a spectacular array of atomizers, decanters and plastic bottles, his store of lotions and perfumes. He picked up an aerosol can and began to spray the room. "Strawberry scented," he said. "My new favorite. See all these great things? Body lotions, sachets." He read from a label. "'Carolina Strawberry Sachet.' Great stuff. I use them all. They keep my body beautiful."

As he and Young went out the door of the dormitory, Rossovoich turned, cupped his hands and shouted up the stairs: "O.K., you guys, see you later! We're going to get another haircut now!"

Adrian Young said as far as he was concerned Rossovoich enjoyed his lunacy more than a normal man should, and that it was becoming a question of how deep the engagement went. "Did I tell you what he did the second day of camp our rookie year? Our second day. We were lying in bed, worn out, and he started one of those endless give-and-take things: 'How far would you walk through such-and-such to do such-and-such to so-and-so?' Then I gave him one, and it went back and forth. Finally I got tired and pretended I was asleep."

"Adrian," he said. "Adrian." I didn't answer. "Adrian." He got up and began to pace the floor. "Adrian. Adrian." He paced back and forth, back and forth. Pretty soon there were guys yelling down the hall for him to shut up. He kept pacing. Then—listen to this—he got up on the dressers that line the wall over there

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and began pacing again, bending his head to keep from hitting the ceiling. All the time he's saying, 'Adrian. Adrian.' Guys were pounding on the door. I couldn't take it anymore. I said, 'All right, Tim, what the hell do you want?' 'I just wanted you to answer me, Adrian,' he said and got down and crawled into bed. 'Good night, Adrian,' he said. Now I ask you, are those the actions of a sane man?"

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Yes? Yes?

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He flops down on a couch. Flump!

"—the quarterback dead on the field, me mortally wounded. But I get up and begin to stagger off the field. Millions of people are cheering. 'Rossovisch! Rossovisch!' It's the greatest game and the greatest crowd ever. Millions of people. I'm reeling as I come off. I give them one last regal wave—"

He waves feebly but regally.

"—and collapse to the ground, dead. I feel myself floating, floating up to Heaven. Happy. Forever." Ahhh!

END

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☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6
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And if you plan to buy a new car in the year ahead, chances are you'll need it. Best of all, it's free.

## THE BOOK NEEDED WRITING, IS IT BIASED BECAUSE FORD WROTE IT?

To a degree—yes.

As Ford Motor Company, we must confess a certain preference for our own products.

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## ANSWERS

1. Middle 2. False 3. 4 Adults 4. Better Stopping 5. Increases handling ability

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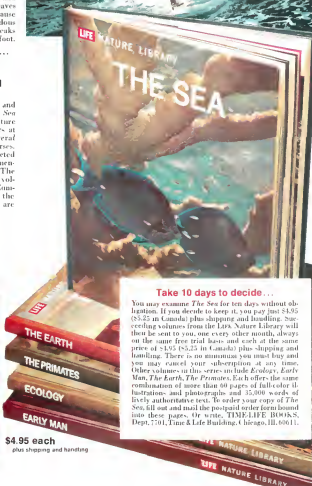
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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 6-13

**APRILTY**—**JIM RILEY** of Bellmawr, Ohio won the \$1,000 Professional Championship by shooting a score of 1,177 in Glenview, Mich. Defending champion **MICK ANN** (N.Y.) of Suffern, N.Y., took the women's title with 1,179 points.

**BOWLING**—**BOY BUCKLEY** of Columbus, Ohio won his first PGA tournament, the \$50,000 Western Open (N.C.) at Dora, with a 273-pa victory over Dutch Geaghan.

**FOOTBALL**—In the final week of NFL exhibition games, undefeated **DALLAS** was in solid strategic footing. Running back **Tommy Smith** (Tex.) scored two touchdowns and Craig Morton threw a 70-yard TD pass to ex-Chief Glover Richardson with four minutes left. Lou Devoson had a spectacular first half, completing 10 of 32 passes for 228 yards and two touchdowns (48 and 55 yards), but the Chiefs, who lost their first game, were shut out in the second half. George Randle looked a 31-yard field goal and scored a 24-yard TD pass to Earl Bennett to lead **OAKLAND** to a 16-0 win with 24-3 over Baltimore. **MINNESOTA** also won its first, shutting out Miami 24-9 on Clint Jones' two touchdown runs and a 45-yard TD pass. Stan Smith scored to John Benicovich. Washington had undefeated Cincinnati 17-17 when Bill Kilmer completed his second touchdown pass of the game, a 42-yarder to Terry Smith in the fourth quarter. The **NEW YORK** Jets gained 217 yards, including two touchdowns, John Riggins' 44-yard rushing touchdown run, in their win over New England. 18 **GRIFFIN** BAY upset Buffalo 20-14. ST. LOUIS defeated Cleveland 37-31. SAN DIEGO beat Atlanta 31-14, and LOS ANGELES edged San Francisco 25-20 on Gene Blevins' 32-yard return of a kickoff in the last quarter. John Elway's 52-yard touchdown run after catching a three-yard pass from Terry Bradshaw helped **PITTSBURGH** to a 28-20 victory over New York. It was the widest games' trail straight line. Don Howe's two touchdown passes, including an 84-yarder to Doug Harrison, gave Denver a quick 14-0 lead over the **CALGARY** in the first quarter. But the Bears, led by Joe Ciminelli's passing and Neil O'Donnell's four field goals, rebounded to triumph the Broncos 31-17. **HOUSTON** extended New Orleans' losing streak with a 24-17 triumph. The Philadelphia 49ers won Greg Landry's four fourth-down passes.

**GOLF**—Major champion **CHARLES GOODY** won the World Series of Golf by one stroke over Jack Nicklaus in Akron, Ohio (money 49).

**JOHN MILLER**, 24, gained his first win victory the \$300,000 Southern Open at Columbia, Ga. by five strokes over Deane Beman with a 267.

**HORSE RACING**—**MR. KID CHARLIE**, Johnny Cox's foal, won with a record time of 1:16.63 for 80 yards in the \$750,000 All-American Futurity at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. (age 2-1).

**ATHENS**—**WOOD** won the \$25,725 St. Leger Stakes in Doncaster, England, for a mile over 110 meters, as **LESTER PLUCKER** 5, the country's leading racehorse, gained his sixth St. Leger victory since 1960. Pagan took the race with a 1:50.50 time.

**DOUBLE DELTA** (\$6,800) edged odds-on favorite Shave by half a length in the \$62,850 Belmont Stakes at New York's Belmont Park.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—**JOE LEONARD** averaged 152.54 mph to win the California 500 at Ontario Motor Speedway (time 2:07).

**MARK DONOHUE** clinched the 1971 Trans-Am championship by winning the Wolcott Trans-Am at Cambridge Junction, Mich., averaging a track-record 99.23 mph. Donohue, who has won seven of nine Trans-Am races this season, then talked about getting the **Ford** to race next year and possibly driving on the NASCAR circuit.

**PETER REYSON** of Team McLaren took the \$90,000 in-Am Challenge Cup race in Brainerd, Minn. for his fourth victory in the series. World driving champion Jackie Stewart finished sixth.

**BOBBY ALMON** averaged 131.788 mph to win the Southern 500 at Darlington, S.C., by a lap. It was Almon's victory in 10 major NASCAR events this year.

**STEVE CARBONE** of Tulsa, Okla., upset three-time first-time Don Dick Dandy's quartet of Suffolk, Pa., in the final run to win the 10th anniversary division of the National Dog championships at Indianapolis Raceway Park. Carbone was timed in 6:08 seconds for the quarter-mile, achieving a top speed of 129 mph. He defeated Galtis by a margin of .56 of a second.

**HOOPER**—**DALLAS** upset defending champion Houston 2-1 in the third game of the best-of-three semifinal playoffs to advance to the NAHL final against Atlanta. Bobby Moffat scored the winning goal in the second period, ending a scoring period after 160 minutes of play. In the first game, the two teams played 72 minutes; almost two complete games—with Rochester scoring 5-1. It was the longest game in American pro soccer history. Dallas won the second game 1-1. ATLANTA beat New York 1-0 in sudden-death overtime and 2-0 to sweep the other semifinal series.

**SOUTHERN**—In the American Softball Association slow pitch championships, the **PHARVANS** REDS of McAdenville, N.C. beat York (Pa.) 1 AMF.

17-2 to win the Inland tournament in York, the **PORT LAUDERDALE GATORS** edged the **Palmdome Devils** of Hudson, N.J. 2-1 for the Western Virginia title. The Gators' 14th victory in the **VIRGINIA PILE DRIVERS** defeated Detroit's Little Caesars 9-4 for the Men's National Open championship in Parma, Ohio.

**SWIMMING**—The U.S. won 27 of 29 events for 342 points in a meet with the U.S.S.R. (229 points) and Great Britain (141) in Mexico as American swimmers broke five world records. **MARSH** (N.Y.) won his world-record 100-meter freestyle (1:24.3) by 7 seconds with a 1:51.56 mile swimming the first leg of the record-setting mile 800-meter freestyle relay (15:59:57). Other marks were set in three women's events: the 800-meter freestyle (8:59:37) by **ANN MARSH** of Long Beach, Calif.; the 400-meter freestyle relay (4:40:17); and the 400-meter medley relay (4:27:33).

**WRESTLING**—The U.S.S.R. lost the World Greco-Roman championships for the first time since 1953 as **BULGARIA** edged the Soviet team 48-39-3 in Sofia, Bulgaria. The Russians however improved their record at gold medals 4-3. The U.S. finished 15th with only two points.

**BASEBALL**—**RETIRED** **GORDON HOWE**, 43, the inaugural star of the Detroit Red Wings, was named the first player in NHL history. Howe set 27 NHL records (and shared three others) during most seasons of the 20-year career. He played (1,687), most career goals (784), most assists (1,625) and most points (1,699). He was an All-Star selected in right wing, a two-time MVP and led the NHL in scoring and was the league's Most Valuable Player six times, also, also records.

**SIGNED** **TOM PAYNE**, 27, center for the University of Kentucky, by the St. Louis Cardinals and 9' 9" forward **CYRIL RAPHAEL** of Campbell, by the Golden State Warriors. Payne, the Williamsport Black Player, Kentucky after his seventh year, in which he averaged 16.9 points and 10.1 rebounds. Barmore who averaged 19.5 points and 11.5 rebounds in two seasons, had one more year to play. Both were chosen in the NBA's special hardship draft, which allows second-year hard-core cores to turn pro before the college class graduates.

**SHED** **DR. PHIL EDWARDS**, 61, who competed for Canada in three Olympics, the college coach in British Columbia and a McGill University graduate, Edwards won five middle-distance bronze medals in the 1928, 1932 and 1936 Games.

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## FACES IN THE CROWD

**MARYANN STEIERT**, 35, of Valley Forge, Pa., won the titles—Medium Post, Junior Hunter class, Section B, Junior Hunter Grand Champion and the top award, the Hunter Seat championship—at the Maryland Pony Show in Timonium.

**JIM CHAMBERLAIN**, a pitcher-outfielder for the Washington, D.C. team, batted .460 and was named Most Valuable Player in the All-American Amateur Baseball Association tournament in Johnstown, Pa. One of his hits was a 421-foot home run.

**KEE ANDERSON**, 26, of Chicago, defeated Rex Robert Hetherington 3-6, 9-7, 7-5, 6-4 to win the National Public Tennis championships in Buffalo. In the doubles, Anderson and Chris Scott were runners-up to Hetherington and Charley Gertelack.

**AMMY GARR**, 16, of Erie, Pa., became the youngest competitor ever to gain a berth on the U.S. World Wrestling team when he beat National AAU Champion John Morley in Annapolis, Md. Carr, who wrestles at 140½ pounds, is a National Junior champion.

**Jack Greenwood**, 36, of Lansing, Mich., starred and won five games in one day to bring the Stober's Vikings of Lansing from the loser's bracket to the Michigan Softball Championship in Ann Arbor. In the final game he allowed only one earned run.

**TRICIA FOSTER**, a University of Maryland student, scored 1,598 out of a possible 1,600 points to win the national right title in the Middle School Bare Prow championships at Camp Perry, Ohio. In three of her four rounds she had perfect 400s.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## NO SPORT IN PHILLY

Sirs,

Thank you very much for the article concerning the Philadelphia school board's financial dilemma and its subsequent decision to discontinue varsity and intramural sports in all of the public schools (18c *Expect Them to Storm the Gates*, Sept. 6). Ongoing School Board President Richardson Dilworth calls varsity sports "an activity that involves comparatively few students." But he should take another look. In addition to the most publicized sports (football, basketball and baseball), there are also track, swimming, tennis, golf and cross-country, not to mention all the intramural and club sports. It takes a good number of students to participate in these sports, and even a greater number to support the teams and go to the games. In my school, Central High, there was a frenzy of support for our football team before the city championship game against Bishop Egan. Nothing will ever match that excitement.

ANDREW BUCK

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Mr. Dilworth's statements, "Three out of four black athletes who go to college on athletic scholarships get virtually no education. . . Besides, most of the scholarships are to tramp colleges," are the kind of foot-in-the-mouth remarks the former mayor is well known for.

As the current academic year begins, Mr. Dilworth might be interested to learn the whereabouts of some of our West Philadelphia High School products. Among our football players, Norman Townsend is a senior on the Princeton team; Jon Currence is at Lafayette and Emmett Deans is at Kalamazoo. Gene Coney is a junior at Trinity College (Conn.) and Stephen Johnson is a junior at Holy Cross. Last June, Bob Bell graduated from the University of Cincinnati after co-captaining the 1970 team and being named the No. 1 draft choice of the Detroit Lions. Talmadge Owens graduated from Wichita State and is now doing social work in the West Philadelphia area. As for our basketball players, Greg Newman is at Drexel University, Billy Jones is at Denver and Brady Small is at Weber State. Also, Ben Doyler is on the track team at Indiana and Carlos Barge is playing soccer at Ohio University. These men are all black scholar-athletes who are making it at top academic schools because sports gave them a chance.

LARRY SHANE

Football coach

West Philadelphia High School

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Concerning School Superintendent Mark Shedd's statement (and your headline), "We expect them to storm the gates," I feel this is exactly what should happen. In view of the problems facing young people like myself, one thing we do not need is more time on our hands.

I am attending college on an athletic scholarship. Without it, college would have been next to impossible. I feel the Philadelphia school board's decision is an injustice to all high school students, not only the varsity athletes.

J. P. McLENN

Indianapolis

Sirs:

What is amazing is that both Dilworth and Shedd recognize the outrage of Philadelphia's citizens, admitting they expect the citizens to "storm the gates." It's incredible that this doesn't tell these two administrators grants a thing or two.

DAVID J. BESSETTE

Winchendon, Mass.

## MEDAL WINNERS AT MATCH PLAY

Sirs,

I for one am pleased that a "superbless nobody," more appropriately referred to as DeWitt Weaver, was able to survive the field of Palmers, Nicklauses and Players and haul a \$35,000 purse for winning the annual (I hope) U.S. match-play championship (*Heads Roll at Head to Head*, Sept. 6). As SI pointed out in rather uncomplimentary fashion, it was the first victory for Weaver after seven years of toil on the professional golf circuit. It is to Weaver's credit that he has been able to persevere through what must have been some frustrating and lean years as a touring pro.

JERRY GROSS

New Hope, Minn.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article about the match-medal championship. I should also like to call your attention to what occurred the day after the tournament ended. DeWitt Weaver deserves a medal for his actions after he won the crown.

DeWitt had agreed early in July to play an exhibition round at the National Junior Golfers Association championship here on Colgate University's Seven Oaks course. Naturally he did not know he would be \$35,000 richer at that point and he could easily have canceled out of the exhibition, since he was doing it gratis. But winning the U.S. match-play championship didn't change his attitude a bit.

Instead he hopped on a plane Monday

morning after less than three hours' sleeping time and flew to Hamilton. He spent a full hour with youngsters entered in the 160-plus field, then proceeded to shoot a two-under-par 70 on the 6,854-yard layout, no mean feat considering the course is rated at 74-plus. After the round, during which he continuously joked with the gallery, winning many fans in the process, he went right back to talking golf with the entrants.

Weaver has had a long hard struggle on the tour and has more than earned his reward as far as the people in Hamilton and the contestants in the NJGA tournament are concerned.

DAVID LEONARD  
Colgate University

Hamilton, N.Y.

Sirs:

If my local paper is accurate, George Knudson shot rounds of 70, 68, 66 and 73 during the match-play championship. This figure of 277 equals Palmer's and includes an impressive 46, which is the course record for the distance played. But being stuck with a name like George Knudson seems to guarantee obscurity.

FRANK L. MATTHEWS

Fort Worth

## INITIAL REACTIONS

Sirs:

After watching O. J. Simpson pick up 86 yards and a TD on 11 carries and catch a 25-yard pass for another TD against the Eagles a few weeks ago, I would have to agree with Edwin Strake (*The Name of the Game* A.O.J., Sept. 6) that he is at least "ready to fly." In fact the whole Buffalo team appears to have regained the spirit of the Bills' AFL championship years.

As an Eagle fan, I'm glad the Eagles beat the Bills 34-28 in that preseason game and equally glad that the two teams will not meet again this year. Both teams will be making hungry moves this season, but it would be tough for the Eagles to beat Buffalo twice.

DOUGLAS EVERITT

Littletown, Pa.

Sirs:

As soon as the regular season starts I think O.J. is going to look more like P.J. (prune juice). Time and again he has proven that he can't win a football game by himself. If this new coach of the Bills can't think of a more diversified offensive game plan than O.J., right, O.J. left and, occasionally, O.J. up the middle, the Bills will be abiding in the basement for years to come.

JED HAWLEY

Beaver Dam, Wis.

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## 18TH HOLE continued

### YATES CENTER'S EXAMPLE

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on Mike Peterson (*The Greatest Athlete in Yates Center, Kansas*, Aug. 9). However, I was upset by the comments of other readers (19TH HOLE, Aug. 23) whose noses were apparently bent out of shape because a small-town athlete got a little publicity. I read SI for the personal side of the sports scene. I wouldn't care about someone running 95 yards for a touchdown or birdieing six holes straight unless I had some idea of the training or sacrifice that person had gone through in order to accomplish the feat. SI does an excellent job of personalizing the sports scene and this is important. So right on with the Mike Peterson article.

MARIA MANN

Ridgeway, Va.

Sir:

All of the spoiled, prima-donna, big-time athletes who jump teams, pout and in general make nuisances of themselves thereby losing the regard of the sporting public would do well to read and reread the great story by William Johnson on Mike Peterson. They might take to heart this lesson as how not to get the Big Head and be better men because of it.

GENE O'BRIEN

Fairbault, Minn.

Sirs:

Yates Center citizens have been clamoring for many more copies of the Mike Peterson article, but some local people were upset by L. Massey Clarkson's crack (19TH HOLE, Aug. 23) about the 76,100 beer cans picked up along our highways: "I know of no other community in the world with a population of 2,178 that would be able to support anything after 76,100 beers . . . 35 beers per person."

The truth is that some 3,250,000 cars, trucks and buses cross the Yates Center intersection of U.S. Highways 54 and 75 each year, which means that one beer can is dropped for about every 40 vehicles. That is one of the penalties we must suffer for being a dry town on interstate highways linking New York and Chicago with El Paso and Los Angeles, and Houston and Dallas with Omaha.

On the other hand, if we can induce even more beer-drinking motorists to pass through our town, we'll soon have enough recyclable beer cans collected to complete the payments on the new weight-lifting machine for our football team.

WALTER A. BOWERS

Yates Center, Kans.

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